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WEEKLY**

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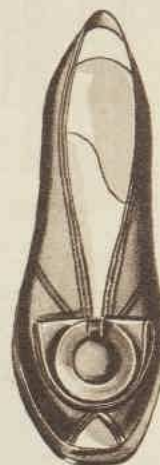
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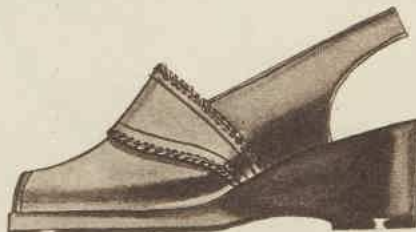
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 11, 1950

By ... HARLAN
WARE

MR. ADAM BAGLEY stood on the Garden Bridge across Soochow Creek, staring at a young Chinese on a sampan below him. He had come ashore from the cruise ship last evening drenched in Shanghai's insufferable smell, and had wandered into shops ruined by the inflation, and along queer streets among aimless, shuffling people.

A thought had drifted into his mind with his first glimpse of the crowded river, bedevilled him throughout his night ashore, and persisted during his walk along Nanking Road this morning.

He put his elbows on the railing, hunched his shoulders, tilted his head and tried to imagine the world as seen through the eyes of a Chinese from the deck of a sampan.

The boy on the deck unbuttoned his denim jacket and stared back at Mr. Bagley. His brown fingers brought out a bronze medallion, suspended from a string around his neck. He swung it pendulum fashion. Proud of it, apparently. Some sort of credential.

"Good morning!" said Mr. Bagley in a friendly tone.

The boy looked away and Mr. Bagley sighed.

He would leave this noon, comfortable in his sea-going clothes, Adam Bagley, insurance officer, now retired, and who would know he had been here? He tried to convey an expression of good will.

"How's everything?" he called.

A sailor on the bridge flipped a cigarette butt over the railing, and sampans rocked as Chinese boatmen rained down on the quay. There was quite a skirmish. Mr. Bagley was wholly partisan.

"At-a-boy!" he breathed when his young man emerged from the scramble with the butt between his lips.

The youngster leaped nimbly back to the deck and squatted near the bow, contentedly wiggling his bare toes as he smoked. Tasted good, did it? Mr. Bagley tried to project himself downward in his mind. He fixed his attention on the straight black hair on the back of the Chinese head.

What was going on in there, if anything? What were his ambitions? How did he live? Apparently he was watching a pretty girl on a neighboring sampan. What was in his heart?

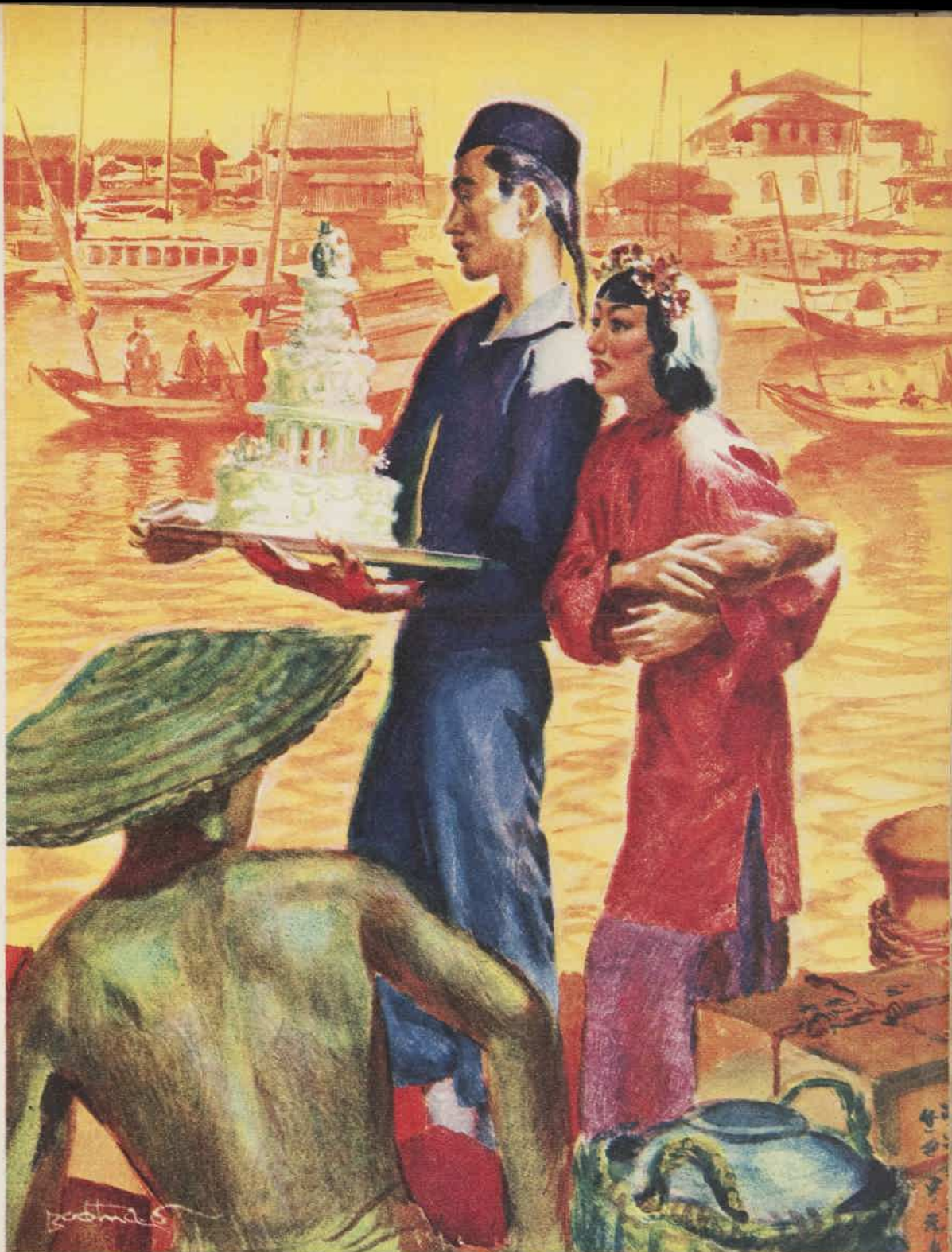
"Want a dollar?" Mr. Bagley called, reaching in his pocket.

A month ago, in San Francisco, the hotel cashier had given him four new silver dollars. He had one left. It glinted in the sun.

"Here! Hey, boy! Catch!"

Traffic was noisy on the street, on the bridge itself, and on the cross-roads, but in the neighborhood of Mr. Bagley and his dollar a hush instantly descended. Ragged small boys crept nearer along the breast-work.

The young man turned, crouched and prepared to spring. Boatmen



THE SILVER TALISMAN

watched with envy. Breathing stopped.

If I were you, young fellow, Mr. Bagley thought, I'd make this dollar count. It's solid money, son; I'd get something worth while with it.

Mr. Bagley measured with his eye, moving his arm in a practice toss. But when he threw the coin he found he had misjudged the distance and in the splashing scramble he failed to see who got it.

Wang Ah Ling arched into his dive as the coin struck the water.

Slashing trouser legs were everywhere around him; bare feet struck his face. But he saw it, turned over, made a grab and got it. He sank on down.

He swam along the muddy bottom under the sampans, away from the bridge. When he came up, the splashing was far off, and women's voices just above were asking, "What happened? What was it?" Safe between two sampans, he waited, gasping. Then he put the coin in his mouth and went down again.

Twenty minutes later he crawled ashore far from the quay in a sheltered spot near a warehouse. Resting on his hands and knees, he opened his mouth and the dollar glinted in the dry grass under his eyes.

Then he lay down in the sunlight and considered his hunger. There were many, and fiercest among them was a hunger for rice, for bowls of steaming rice, for a bellyful; but there was another, almost its equal, a love hunger.

He took off his clothes, laid them out to dry, and lay down beside them in the yellow pool of warmth. The dollar was solid and beautiful and shining new. He made up a dream and spent money for rice, and although he ate until he was satisfied, there was rice left over. Then for wine, and there was wine left over.

Then he boldly boarded the sampan of the father of Tan Li. The old man, who had not spoken to him since a sad evening in June,

Proudly Wang carried the wonderful wedding-cake, while Tan Li trotted beside him.

had softened in his attitude or, perhaps, he had suddenly died.

Somehow, with no trouble at all, the arrangements were quickly completed and the lovely Tan Li followed him from her father's sampan and along the quay to the temple. Then it was evening, and they were together, man and wife.

He studied the dollar. In the recent days when even the gold yuan had lost its value, many people along the river had bought useless things.

Please turn to page 4

LUX...



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Its tiny diamonds give such fast, gentle suds... keep colours lovely 3 times as long!

THEY'RE almost too pretty to hide while they're new — but will you be proud of them after they're washed? Not if you let strong soaps or harsh washing methods dim their dainty freshness. But they'll have a pretty future if you pamper them with Lux! A nightly dip in creamy, gentle Lux keeps undies lovely 3 times as long. Actual tests have proved it — you can, too!



Don't risk harsh soaps!

Keep your hands soft and petal-smooth. Lux care is gentler.

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CHOU FENG had come home with a folding Army cot he was reluctant to sleep on, for fear of falling off. Chang Wei had bought four jars of petroleum jelly. Jung Eng had got tiny cans of machine oil, though he had no machines. Hoy Toy, in a panic, had bought pencils and ink, though he could not write.

Even that superior trader, the father of Tan Li, had made foolish bargains. They were rid of the worthless yuan, it was true, but their possessions were without value, and all were hungry.

Wang sat on his haunches, naked and warm, bouncing the coin in his palm. Such newness, such glitter, such solid value. How would it feel to be an American with many such coins in one's pocket? He spun the coin higher and higher, and became aware of the medallion thumping against his chest.

The medallion. The dollar. As a small boy he had been taught the worth of the bronze medallion; it had been the pride of the House of Wang. His father had guarded it, and his grandfather, and the ancestors before them. Wang Ah Ling himself had been guarding it in his loneliness since his father's death. It was all that was left of a once-great house, of a lost nobility.

He lifted the string over his head, held the dollar in one hand, the medallion in the other, and weighed and considered, this way and that, and never before had he done such remarkable thinking. Here was a shining new American dollar which all men wanted.

Here was a medallion from the dead hands of his ancestors, precious only to the House of Wang. He came to a decision, marvelled at his new wisdom, and put on his clothes.

Ten minutes later he skidded around the corner into the Street of the Frozen Kitten. He ran swiftly and made his way to the shop of Wang Lung, his most illustrious cousin.

Though he would not be welcome, he strode in with the boldness of an American tourist. The shop was piled high with articles purchased even before the gold yuan replaced the national currency. Incense burned in bronze pots. A forbidding clerk turned his back and looked out the window.

"Your cousin is engaged," the clerk said coldly.

"That is what you told me last time."

"He is always engaged."

But new courage had come with the possession of the dollar. Wang Ah Ling knuckled the man's chest. "I will see him at once, if you please."

It was astounding. Wang Ah Ling found himself following the clerk toward the private office with the echo of his own fearless tone still in the room.

Wang Lung, in European clothes, rose from his chair behind the carved desk and bowed as courtesy demanded.

Then, in his voice of sorrow, his cousin said, "I'm afraid I can't help you to-day, Wang Ah Ling."

He owned the shop, and not only the shop, but also diamonds, houses, furs, and automobiles; he had everything a man could wish, including a son, but he always spoke to Wang Ah Ling in his voice of sorrow.

"I have come to help you," the boy said stoutly.

His cousin smiled. "In what manner?"

"You have everything a man could wish, except the Wang medallion."

Wang Ah Ling took the medallion from his pocket and, with reverence, laid it on the green desk blotter.

"There have been many illustrious Wangs," he said.

His cousin looked puzzled. "It is true."

"There are even now many Wangs who could properly care for this medallion and place it on blue velvet, behind glass, in a frame."

His cousin came around the desk

The Silver Talisman

Continued from page 3

to look at him in a better light. "It is so."

"There are those who would pay well to acquire it."

"No doubt that is true also."

"I have decided to part with it."

The cousin took off his glasses, wiped them on a white handkerchief, put them on again, examined Wang Ah Ling with fresh interest, and then bowed with genuine politeness.

"What is the nature of the offers you have had?"

Wang Ah Ling bowed also, but his manner was easy. "That is a foolish question. What is yours?"

The cousin smoothed his little European moustache, not wishing to offer too much or too little. He hesitated.

"Let us waste no more time," said Wang Ah Ling crisply, moving into the outer shop. "Let me show you the articles I will have in exchange for the Wang medallion."

He marched from aisle to aisle, from table to table, from shelf to shelf. When the clerk had put aside a sack of rice, a pound of tea, a basket of charcoal, three cartons of American cigarettes, a Navy pea jacket, a pair of Navy shoes, two leather Army jackets, a beautiful American bread saw with a saw edge, two pairs of stiff denim trousers, three suits of soft woollen underwear, and five pairs of white socks,

"The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none."

—Carlyle

Wang Ah Ling found himself caught up in a fierce internal struggle.

The Wang Ah Ling of yesterday, who had lived in fear, wished to end the bargaining at once and escape with the riches. But the Wang Ah Ling of to-day sensed that the end had not yet been reached.

He heard himself saying, "And one additional sack of rice, a large charcoal brazier with two pots, a handcart in which to transport all this" — just then a warning bell rang in his mind, and he concluded briskly — "and a bottle of rice wine."

He had brought it off.

When the material had been placed in the handcart, his cousin Wang Ah Ling walked with him to the door. "What has got into you?" he asked.

Wang Ah Ling took his dollar from his pocket and spun it before his cousin's startled gaze.

"It is time for new attitudes," he said.

He did not bow, but saluted jauntily, like an American, and pushed away with his wealth.

Chang Wei saw him first, and such a cry went up along the waterfront that even the father of Tan Li came to watch as he loaded his stores aboard the sampan. Tan Li herself, carrying an empty sack along the quay, paused at the edge of the crowd to peek at him on tiptoe.

Chou Feng, owner of the Army cot, and Chang Wei, owner of the four jars of petroleum jelly, and many others proposed trades, but Wang Ah Ling waved his hand with the casual air of the rich.

"I am not in the mood for business," he said. "I am about to eat many bowls of rice."

There was an excited chattering in the crowd.

"Was it a gold American dollar?"

"No, it was silver."

"Merely one silver dollar?"

"Yes, one silver dollar."

"I have two cousins in America."

"I have an uncle in New York."

Tan Li worked her way to her father's side. "Look what he has

bought with one silver dollar!" she cried proudly.

Her father gave her a spank and sent her away. But the old man himself did not go; he lingered with the bystanders, tugged at his wispy beard, and pretended to watch the traffic on the river.

But Wang Ah Ling was concerned, just then, with a primary hunger. His stomach growled, his mouth watered, his teeth ached — rice, bowls of steaming rice, a bellyful.

He built a fire in the new brazier. He put a pot of water on and time stood still. He paced the deck in his impatience, and the father of Tan Li abandoned his pretence of watching the river traffic and fixed his crafty black eyes on him.

Wang Ah Ling, in his pacing, thought of the angry conversation he had had with this shrewd old man on that day in the spring of the year, in the time of his poverty.

Tan Li had looked shyly at Wang Ah Ling once too often and he had sung the love chant too openly in the quiet evening; the old man had guessed how fiercely the flames burned and how great was their yearning.

When Wang Ah Ling in his desperation had asked for the daughter, with a promise of future payment, the old man had countered with a ruthless proposal: Wang Ah Ling would deed away the sampan, give up his proud name and join the other's household.

In his shocked surprise, Wang Ah Ling had displayed his medallion and uttered remarks which reflected on the ancestors of the father of Tan Li. In that scene of bitterness all hope had dissolved.

Wang Ah Ling poured a huge measure of rice into the boiling water. He stood over it, sniffing the fragrance, his back to the quay. The voices drifted away. The crowd gradually left.

The old man cleared his throat. Wang Ah Ling looked around. He did not speak. The old man did not speak. They looked at each other.

Wonderfully clever thoughts came into Wang Ah Ling's head, and for the moment he forgot his impatience.

He remembered that in the days of the collapse of the gold yuan the father of Tan Li had rushed madly through the city in search of cigarettes. Unable to find any, he had, instead, bought toothbrushes and jars of library paste and spatulas for turning an American food known as pancakes.

Wang Ah Ling heaped rice in his bowl and squatted on his heels on the deck. He picked up his chopsticks, dipped them into the rice... and the bowl was empty. He filled it again.

"It is not too cold to-day," he said politely.

"No, it is pleasant," the old man said.

Wang Ah Ling could not believe his ears.

They carried on a spirited conversation of this nature while Wang Ah Ling worked his way through two more bowls of rice. Then he went into the cabin and brought out a package of cigarettes. He tore a careful square from the wrapping, sniffed with ecstasy, and put it in his pocket.

Then he squatted on the deck and ate another bowl of rice, washing it down with hot tea. At last he looked up as if startled to find the old man still standing there.

"The fragrance of rice is lost at that distance," said Wang Ah Ling.

"Will you not come aboard?"

The old man bent his knees and sprang.

"And," continued Wang Ah Ling, smiling, "the fragrance of rice is as nothing compared to the feel of it between one's teeth. Will you have some?"

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 11, 1950

Simon's Wife

By R. A. DICK

NUMB with grief at the death of her husband SIMON soon after their wartime marriage, CORDELIA SANDYS-BROWN marries FRED HART, but is soon a widow again, this time wealthy.

Learning that Cheridon Court, Simon's old home, is for sale, she hurries there, intending to buy it, but instead, by a misunderstanding, she is engaged as cook by EVELYN SANDYS-BROWN, Simon's sister, who had resented his sudden marriage and refused to meet his wife.

Evelyn is ill-tempered and hostile to the supposed cook, but AUNT HARRIET is friendly. Cordelia also makes friends with WILLIAM DOVE, the old gardener, and STUBBS, the washer-woman's small boy.

But, misconstruing her friendly interest, the boy involves her in buying an ancient horse, which he proudly installs in the Court stables. Cordelia desperately wonders what Evelyn will think of this. NOW READ ON:

THE kettle was scarcely boiling when Evelyn entered the kitchen, and it was plain from her face that she had already seen the occupant of her stable.

"What is that in the loose box?"

she asked, and her voice was shrill with anger.

You may well ask, thought Cordelia, and replied: "It's a horse." She tried to make it sound quite an ordinary happening that one should appear in the stable overnight.

"I could scarcely believe my eyes," said Evelyn, "when I looked out of the bathroom window. Whose horse is it?"

"Mine," said Cordelia. Fortunately, Stubbs had disappeared, so there was no need to incriminate him.

"I should have thought you might have asked permission before filling my stable with horses," said Evelyn.

"There was nowhere else to put him," said Cordelia quietly, "and, as the stables were empty, I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind until I can make other arrangements."

"It's incredible! Quite incredible!" said Evelyn. "What do you want with a horse?"

What indeed? thought Cordelia, and replied: "I am very fond of riding. I rode a lot in Australia."

"How are you going to feed the creature?" asked Evelyn.

"I shall manage," said Cordelia with more confidence than she felt.

"It should be out at grass anyway," said Evelyn, "and you cannot put him in the Park."

"I'll put him in the field with the cows as soon as I've got the breakfast," said Cordelia.

"You'll have to ask Cobden's permission before you do that," said Evelyn.

"That field belongs to him, and I don't suppose he will want horses running all over it."

"I don't think he'll do much running," said Cordelia.

"Where on earth did you get such a travesty of a horse?" asked Evelyn.

"From the gipsies," replied Cordelia meekly.

"Gipsies, indeed!" said Evelyn, as she turned to leave the kitchen. The echo of her voice seemed to linger on the air, enveloping Cordelia as well in her deep contempt.

It was almost nine o'clock that evening when Cordelia set out across the fields to the Home Farm, where Mr. Cobden lived. Rain was beginning to fall and she hurried, hoping to make her visit and return before the worst of the storm broke.

There was a light shining at the back of the house to which the field path had led her, and, seeing a door on the right, she went to it and knocked.

A gruff bark answered her and was hushed by a deep voice, and almost immediately the door was opened by so tall a man that he had to bend his head

beneath the lintel of the low door to see who his visitor might be. He

was in shirt-sleeves, with a pipe in his mouth, which he removed politely.

"Could I please see Mr. Cobden?" asked Cordelia.

"You're looking at him right now, marm," he replied. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, I've come about a horse," said Cordelia.

"Now, isn't that too bad," he said. "I don't sell horses."

"Oh, I don't want to buy one," she assured him hastily. "The fact is that I've already got a horse, and have nowhere to keep him, and I wondered if I might put him out to grass in one of your fields."

A flurry of rain swirled round the house at her, driving her closer to the shelter of the doorway as she spoke.

"Come in," he said. "You don't want to get wet."

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The Australian Women's Weekly,
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"I wish you would let me know if you are going to be home late," Evelyn said, eyeing Cordelia coldly.

John Mills

Look What's New!

There's a big welcome waiting for this new arrival to the famous Peck's family. It's a new paste—Salmon and Anchovy—skilfully blended by Peck's to make a mouth-watering combination. Its milder, piquant taste is grand for sandwiches, spreads and savouries—and on toast it's a taste-treat to remember! But make sure you get Peck's when you buy Salmon and Anchovy—then you can be sure of wholesome purity and better flavour.



Salmon and Anchovy

"FIRST COUSIN" TO ANCHOVETTE!

Peck's Salmon and Anchovy can be used wherever you've formerly used "Anchovette." It's similar in flavour—but with a subtle spicy difference you'll love. Salmon and the tastiest anchovies become a delightful NEW flavour when Peck's chefs blend them. Wherever a Peck's recipe calls for "Anchovette" you can substitute Salmon and Anchovy. If you haven't yet received a copy of "How to be a Successful Hostess" (cramped with delicious recipes), Peck's will gladly send you one.

PECK'S

PALATE-PLEASING

Pastes

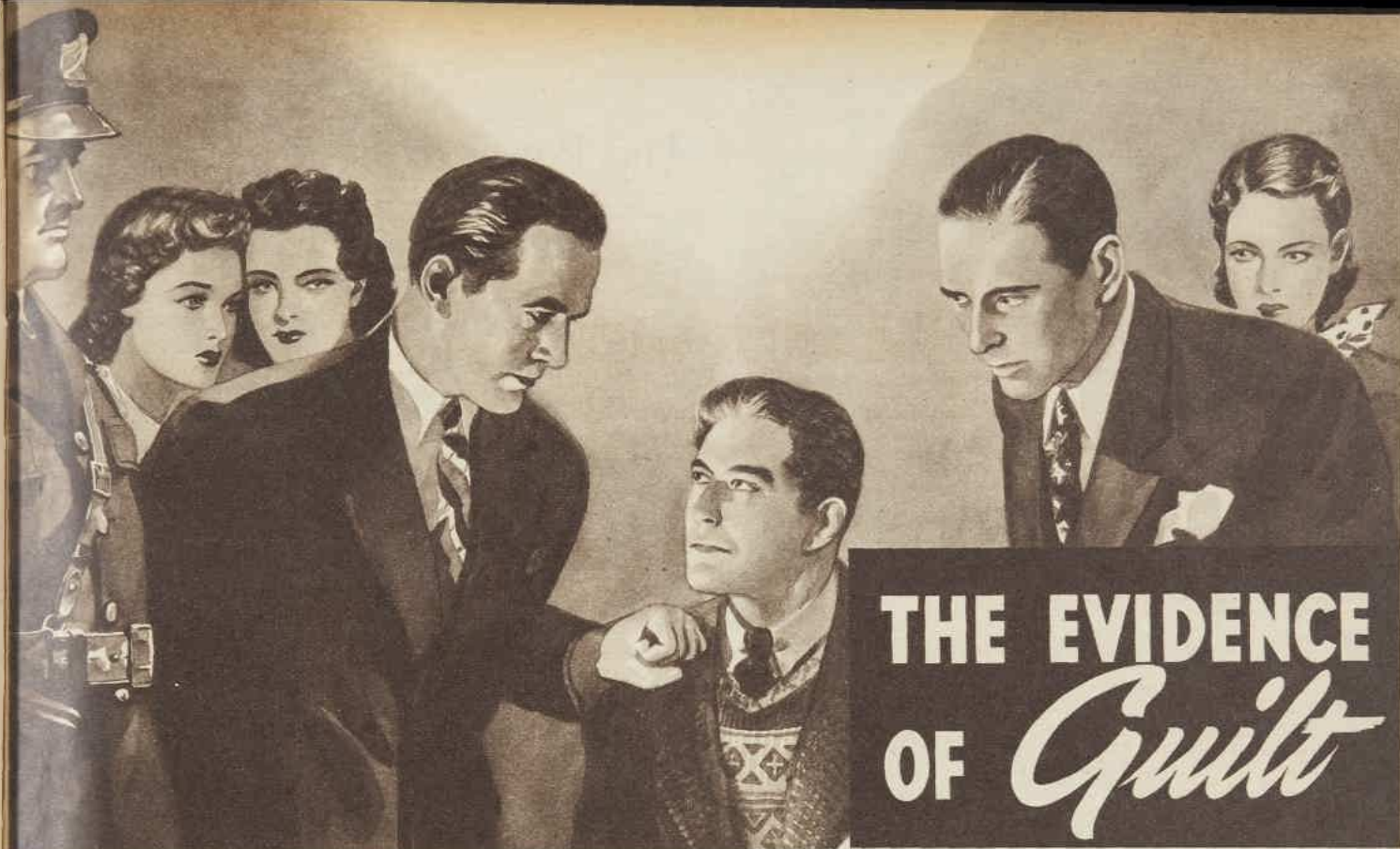
ANCHOVETTE FISH PASTE • BEEF TONGUE & TURKEY PASTE
VEAL, HAM & CHICKEN PASTE • BLOATER PASTE • BEEF PASTE



TRY THIS NEW SCONE RECIPE! SALMON AND ANCHOVY BUTTON SCONES

1½ teasp. Anchovette, 8 ozs. self-raising flour, ½ teasp. salt, ½ teasp. lemon rind, 1 oz. butter, ½ cup milk.

Sift flour and salt well and rub in butter finely with the finger tips. Add the lemon rind and mix lightly to a soft dough. Knead lightly and roll to about ½-in. thickness. Spread half with Anchovette and fold in two. Cut into small rounds.



THE EVIDENCE OF Guilt

O'MALLEY is a fine detective, even though he talks too much. When he started on the investigation of the murder of Edith Ledford I asked if I might go along with him, although I was no longer a police reporter.

"A cop," O'Malley said, "meets all kinds of people—even the best. These are society people and live on Long Island. They're kids. About eight or ten of 'em thought in the evening they'd drive in to Manhattan and dance."

"A girl named Miss Ledford and a guy named Walter Nellis was in the girl's car. In the morning the girl got found dead in her car in Central Park. The boy has been pinched. I won't find out anything, but I've got to talk with him."

We went into the room where they were holding the Nellis boy. A couple of the girls who had been in the party last night were there. "You kill that young lady?" O'Malley asked Nellis.

"Of course not."
"What happened?"
"I don't know how it was. We all drove in to town. We were in several cars. The idea was we'd meet at the Central American Room, where they have a fine band. Edith Ledford and I were talking and we thought we'd stop somewhere before joining the others. We stopped at a bar and sat on stools there and talked."

"About what?"
"Not anything in particular. When we came out of the bar, Edith said she'd changed her mind. She didn't want to dance, and she said she'd go home. I said good-night and I wandered around and had a few drinks. Then I thought I'd join the others."

"I went to get into a cab and I slipped and fell down. It was purely an accident. I hadn't got drunk. I went to a hotel and cleaned myself up. Then I went and found the others. We all went home together."

"You have a fight with the girl?"
"No."
"You engaged to that dead girl?"

"No."

"You think, when she left you, maybe she wasn't going home, but was going to meet somebody else?"

"No; I didn't think that. Say, I don't like this business. It's terrible enough Edith getting killed without you policemen saying I am the one that did it."

We went into the captain's room. They had a young girl there. She was dark-haired and pretty. Detectives were questioning her and writing down her answers in the form of a statement.

"My name is Jean Loring. I am eighteen years old. I am engaged to be married to Walter Nellis, but nobody knew that. Everybody thought Walter was going to marry Edith Ledford. The reason he rode in with her last night was to tell her he was going to marry me."

"Any long talk they had must have been about that. I don't know how she would have felt about it. I know Walter didn't kill her. The reason I know that is that I know he wouldn't do it."

They had some other statements. We looked them all over.

"This is a sad business, O'Malley," I remarked.

"Why, sure," he agreed with me. "It's quite plain what it was that happened."

"It isn't plain to me."

"It's here in the statements. A doorman, a taxi driver, and a newsboy saw Nellis and Miss Ledford come out of the bar. The two must have been quarrelling; no doubt Nellis had told Miss Ledford he was going to marry Miss Loring. Miss Ledford got into her car and Nellis tried to get in with her, but she wouldn't let him."

O'Malley nodded as if in agreement, and I went on: "She started the car, and he clung to the door and was dragged. That's when he got dirty and scratched, not getting into a taxi cab. He dragged himself up and got into the car, and they drove away, fighting. Then he later killed her."

"It could be," he told me.

"It's bad enough Edith getting murdered without saying I did it," Nellis said savagely.

We went to the detectives' room. The young men were there. They were in their teens and early twenties, clean-looking young persons. A handsome young giant, it appeared, was George Morland. An excitable redhead was known as Joe Preddy. A tall youth was named Hillyer.

"Tell us about last night," O'Malley directed Hillyer.

"There's not much I can tell. There were four cars of us. Two cars of us got there all right, but two other cars didn't. George Morland and Louise Barry were in George's car, and they didn't show up; and Walter Nellis and Edith were in Edith's car, and they didn't."

By WILLIAM MacHARG

either. We reserved tables for everybody. After a long while George and Louise came in."

"How about that?" O'Malley asked Morland.

"We parked at a street end to look at the river."

"Is that so? You figuring we can't check if you did that or not?"

"I'm not figuring on anything."

"Some time after that," Hillyer went on, "Walter Nellis came in alone. We asked him what happened. He said nothing happened, but Edith had gone home. We thought he'd been in a fight, but he said that he hadn't. He said he fell down."

"Well," O'Malley said to me, "it won't get us anywhere, but we've got to look into it."

We went to look at the dead girl. She was 19 years old. She'd been blond and athletic. Her mother was there—a beautiful woman still in her thirties, who wore elaborate jewels there in the daytime. Somehow, even in grief, she looked a little unstable.

A man of her own age, it proved, was her lawyer. The man was named Marran.

"What are these people here for?" O'Malley asked an attendant.

"They came to see how the police take care of dead people. They think it's all right."

"You people know anything about this business?" O'Malley asked the lawyer.

"Nothing of importance. It has been a profound shock to us."

"What's this about that dead lady being engaged to get married?"

"It wasn't exactly an engagement. Walter Nellis' parents are dead. Mrs. Ledford is a widow. The two families were neighbors, and the fathers, I am told, hoped the children would marry. They grew up together, but I don't know how they felt about it."

We went to look at the car. It was at a police garage, and a cop was in charge of it. There'd been a fierce fight in it. Blood on the seat had run down on the floor mat and a woman's sharp heel had cut into the seat cushion.

"Any fingerprints on this wagon?" O'Malley asked the policeman.

"Only hers and that one guy's—the one they locked up."

"That all there is to it?"

"The things from her handbag was scattered around in it. It was only things any girl would be carrying."

We went back to headquarters.

"Well," O'Malley said to me a little while later, "we aren't getting anywhere. They checked up on these people. For all we can find out, those kids are just what they seem to be. Their folks have all got money."

"That Mrs. Ledford got married when she was 16 to a guy about four times as old as her, who had half the money in New York State. He died when the dead kid was 12, and left his widow everything. It looks as if she figured she hadn't had any fun while her husband was alive

and it was time she had some. She's a little bit man-crazy."

"She looks a little that way," I commented.

"The reason there hasn't ever been any scandal," O'Malley went on, "is that the dead kid wouldn't let there be any. If the mother didn't have much sense, the dead kid had plenty. She kept mamma in line and she must have been quite a kid. The trouble with kids is they never tell grown-ups anything. You think everything is all right and all of a sudden you find out something has been going on you wouldn't never have dreamed of."

"Like murder," I stated.

"Why, I don't know about this one. That Miss Ledford and Nellis went together since they were kids. They always had fights. Lately they been going with other people. Miss Ledford went for a while with that big guy Morland, and Miss Barry didn't like it."

"Miss Barry is Miss Ledford's cousin," O'Malley explained. "When the dead kid's father died, then Barry thought they ought to get part of the money and part of the family jewellery. They didn't get anything. They don't like that Mrs. Ledford. Last night those couples split up the way they used to go together, and Miss Ledford got killed."

That evening I went with O'Malley to the bar where Miss Ledford and Nellis had stopped. We talked with a bartender. O'Malley had pictures of all the young people.

"Sure," the bartender said. "I remember those two people. That's the girl that got killed. It is all in the newspapers. I never saw any of the others."

"What happened when those two was in here?"

"Nothing happened."

"What started 'em fighting?"

"They didn't fight. You cops make me sick, not believing what's told you. They just sat there and talked. They had only one drink. Then she went to the ladies' room. Then they went out."

"Who's in the ladies' room now?"

"The maid's name is Lucy."

Please turn to page 41

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Lullaby

THERE now, you little spalpeen, to sleep with you . . . What are you thinkin' of, lyin' there with your eyes wide open, starin'? Are you wonderin', mavournen, thinkin' maybe 'tis a strange world where a wee babe must be rocked in a cradle by an old man like myself?

Are you wonderin' where's the soft arms that should be here to cuddle you? And the warm breast to nestle against?

'Twas your right to have such things, little one, but 'tis a cruel world you've been born into, a crazy world that sentences a wee babe to live with an old man in a small cottage.

Ah, but there now, there's love in my heart to warm you . . . and remembrance, too.

Your little pink thumb finds its way into your rosebud mouth, but there's still the question in your eyes. Sure, darling, you have beautiful eyes like her own before the trouble came upon her.

Soft golden hair she had and a way with her so that she could twist the boys around her finger, though, mind you, she was no coquette. And kindly she was.

'Tis a lovely boy you are, Tim O'Shane," she'd say, "but I can't be lovin' you, my dear. 'Tisn't in my heart, Tim, to be lovin' anyone.

And all the colleens in the village jealous of her for her pretty face and her pretty ways! Cryin' their eyes out with vexation at the thought of her takin' the lads from under their noses! And her sayin', not knowin' I were nearby:

"Terry, darlin', you're makin' love to the wrong girl. I'm not suited to you, Terry. Look you now, darlin', y'r real sweetheart is Eileen O'Connor. A lovely girl she is, Terry . . ."

'Tis not boastin' I am when I tell you, little one, she could've had the pick of the district . . . even O'Toole, the rich farmer from over the mountain, with a red weasit and a redder face, and the boastful manner that comes with money in your pocket.

"A fine house shall your grand-daughter have, Mr. Phelan," says he; "a fine house built of stone with four rooms no less, and a chimney apiece, and a new gown each year to go to church in. That I promise."

And lots more did he promise, but she would have none of him.

"Sure, Mister O'Toole," she told the man, "'tis too grand you are for the likes of me. I'd be lost in your big house, that I would, and die of a loneliness walkin' about the great rooms."

And Father Flynn came to see me with a mighty frown on his brow.

"A flirt is your granddaughter, Maureen," says he, and "Devil a flirt is she, Father," says I, "beggin' y'r pardon. New in the village you are, and talk to the lass you shall, and you shall find the rights of the matter yourself."

So he did, and she says to him, "Oh, now, Father, you wouldn't have me marryin' without love in my heart? They're nice boys, Father, but the man I want will come straight from heaven, he will."

And she says, "Some day he'll come swingin' over the hill and I'll see him, and I'll stand at the window of my gran'father's cottage and watch, and he'll come down the hill and when he is abreast of the door he'll pause because he'll feel

the stream of love that is passin' from me to him."

"'Tis a little daft, you are, my dear," says Father Flynn, "for there are few men from heaven in the world to-day, and fewer still will be comin' over yonder hill. Think well, mavournen," he says, "before you wed with a man who has not grown up about you."

And d'you know what, wee one? From the day the good father came, every mornin' with sun-up she'd draw the bit blind from the window and gaze out and up to the road to the hilltop and there'd come a longin' and wistfulness in her eyes.

"Maureen alannah," I'd say, "'tis wasteful of the eyes God gave you, you are, for no man will come over the hilltop. 'Tis a poor village you live in, my dear, with small attraction for strangers." But she shakes her lovely head and smiles a small smile.

"D'you believe in fairies?" she asks me, and, "Devil a bit," says I, "for hasn't the good father himself told us there is no such thing in the world to-day?"

"I know," she comes back, and takes my hand and snuggles her cheek to it, and, says she, "Oh, but, gran'father, the good priest is not here to see us nor hear us and I ask you again, do you believe in fairies?"

"In that case," I says, with an anxious look about me, "I do, mavournen, but 'tis well known by those who have the experience of age that there are good fairies and bad fairies, and 'tis a wise woman who would have no truck with any of 'em."

And then, she tells me, 'tis a strange dream she has had with the fairies all about her bed pullin' at the sheet that is coverin' her and takin' her by the hand.

"Look out of the window," they tell her. "Look out of the window and keep you looking, and soon," they say, "you will see him come. The man of your dreams. Swinging down the hillside with a bold stride and a gleam in his eye and a song on the lips of him."

"Oh, gran'father," she says, "'twas a very real dream and he will be a very real man."

'Tis worried I am, for well I know that no man will come over the hilltop, and better by far that she should marry with Rory McShane or Patrick O'Dowd and become the mother of just such an angel as you are, wee one.

But, with the dawn she is out of her bed, holding the curtain in her hand, and every dawn 'tis there I find her with an eager eye searching the lonely road.

The good Lord forgive me, bein' a man I could not give her the counsel she needed, and so, wee one, she confided one day in Biddy McGuire and Biddy McGuire confides it, as a secret no less, to Bridget Moriarty, and when you tell a secret to Bridget Moriarty the whole world knows it.

So it comes to pass, my angel, that on the Sabbath when she steps out to church there is the colleen O'Casey lookin' at her with slyness in her eye and envy in her heart.

"If it isn't the colleen with the dream lover!" says she. "And who have you seen comin' over the hilltop this mornin', Maureen?"

"You've come," Maureen cried in wonder, "just as I dreamed you would."

Please turn to page 45



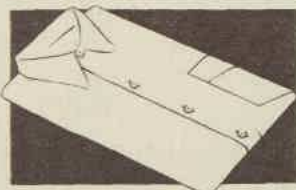
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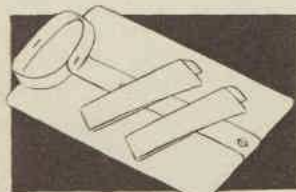
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Hat happy

HATS this autumn are in glorious colors and have endless variety of line. These models are by Hugh Beresford, Otto Lucas, and Dorothy Carlton, of London, and Australian designer Margot Macrae.



● Cone twist in the crown is a clever piece of manipulation in this velour model by Dorothy Carlton, of London. Two feathers form trimming.



● Otto Lucas, of London, designed this deep cloche with a self-color feather mount to lift it high from the head and give it sophistication.



● Australian designer Margot Macrae trims the velour, above, with a gay mount like a feather duster.



● Hugh Beresford, of London, makes the velour cloche, at left, with a folded crown, and adds a strawberry spray.

● Margot Macrae uses red velour to make the two intriguing models, at right. One is an apache slouch and the other a head-hugging helmet.





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BRIDAL GROUP photographed at champagne reception after Milford Haven-Simpson wedding. Fourth from left is the Marquis with his wife on his arm. Her mother, society hostess Mrs. C. McIlwaine (on Marquis' right), gave the reception in her 20-roomed Washington apartment.

MILFORD HAVEN WEDDING



★ The marriage of the Marquis of Milford Haven, great-great-grandson of Queen Victoria and cousin of King George, to the former Mrs. Romaine Simpson, of New York, was the outstanding social event of the Washington season.

The Marchioness was formerly married to a New York businessman. Divorced from him last year, she has the custody of a 22-months-old daughter. The Dowager Marchioness returned to England before the wedding.

LEAVING reception. Bride and groom smile at friends through car window. They will make home in New York.



SMILING Marquis helps his wife cut wedding cake which was decorated with frosted angels, doves, and hearts.



ARRIVING at reception. Four hundred guests were invited to drink champagne, dance to an eight-piece orchestra. Drawn blinds prevented outsiders watching.

WODEHOUSE — humorist who made a fool of himself

NOTED author, Pelham Grenville Wodehouse, who has created for millions of readers all over the world an amusing, charming, and eccentric picture of a mythical way of English life, intends to live permanently in New York.

He and his red-haired, quiet-spoken wife live in a penthouse in the quieter reaches of New York's traffic-swirling, plush Park Avenue.

It is an odd address for the very English creator of the immortal Jeeves and Bertie Wooster, of the lovable Psmith, of the dithery Pongo, of the incredible Crumpet, of those two vague peers, Lords Emsworth and Lord Wickenham, of the whole bland, timeless, English summer garden world of Blandings Castle.

But, incongruously for a luxury flat placed in Manhattan, there is something of a pre-war, pre-ration, pre-Crippsian London about the veteran 69-year-old author's apartment. There is something unexpectedly English about its furnishings.

When I knocked on the door of the Wodehouse (pronounced Woodhouse, by the way, not Wodhouse), penthouse I had no idea at all what the creator of Jeeves would look like.

In fact, I had subconsciously imagined that, like Bertie Wooster, he didn't really exist at all.

He opened the door, his tall, broad figure completely blotting out the room beyond him.

"Come in, come in. What did you think of my last novel? Did you know I'm thinking of adapting and writing lyrics for a musical comedy version of Barrie's 'Admirable Crichton'? Do you think the Conservatives will win the next election? I'm thinking of going to Australia at the end of this year to see the Test matches. Isn't this a nice penthouse?"

Talking, chuckling, and puffing at a huge pipe which obstinately refused to puff, he led the way upstairs to a large lounge-room furnished in English period style.

"You want to know what my present plans are? Help yourself to whisky," I did.

"Well, I have so many I hardly know where to start. I want to go on writing until I'm just so senile I can't write any more. That's the first of my plans.

"My next plan is to continue writing a novel a year. I missed out last year because I was so busy adapting two of Ferenc Molnar's plays, 'Knox', 'The Play of the Thing' and 'Arthur'. And I want to continue writing at least one Jeeves and Bertie novel every two years.

"Do you know that man (Bertie) is nearly 50 years old? Hasn't settled down yet. Still dodging designing matrons—like that Angela Threepwood creature—who want to foist their wretched daughters on him. Don't know if Bertie can avoid the Holy Bonds much longer. Have to see what Jeeves feels about it. Just don't know at all.

"Where was I? Oh, yes—my plans. Well, that's about the lot, I think. I shan't ever go back to England to live. Haven't been back since 1931 except every two years or so when I pop back for two days to see a Test match or an England v. Scotland Rugby match.

"Anyway, I'm on the quota here now. I think I shall settle here for the rest of my life. My England's gone. Blandings Castle, Bertie, Pongo, Lord Em—they're all gone. Some people think they never

P. G. Wodehouse, most English of authors, now lives in New York. Our interview gives a revealing view of this controversial figure.

existed. I don't know. I was frightfully fond of them, anyway."

There was a pause, a brief pause in the terrific Wodehouse pace, while he lit his pipe again. Now was the time for a question. The first I had been able to ask. Was it true that he intended to become an American citizen?

He got up from his chair and I could see how big a man he had been. Square-shouldered, tall, with the biggest hands I have even seen. He paced the carpet, nervously puffing at his pipe.

"Can't say at all. Had a letter from Denis Mackail and Roland Pertwee asking the same question. Not at all sure. What do you think of the idea?"

It was an extraordinary question to put to an interviewing journalist—a less than casual acquaintance. I perceived later that to Wodehouse no acquaintance is casual. He is intensely interested in every person he meets, their ideas, their opinions, and their interests.

I replied that it was none of my business, but that if he really wanted my opinion I thought it would possibly alienate millions of British Commonwealth readers, still angry with him over his wartime broadcasts for the Germans.

"Oh, that," he waved it away with an enormous hand. "Nothing to it. But I must say I rather think you're right about becoming an American. One would feel that somehow one had let one's country down. And I'm still an Englishman—would be if I lived another hundred years in New York."

Wodehouse, perpetually, exhaustingly genial, quickly becomes touchy about the subject of his wartime broadcasts from a luxury suite in Berlin's Adlon Hotel.

He was captured by the Germans at Le Touquet, France, where he and his wife had lived for many years before the outbreak of war. He was taken from Le Touquet to Tost prison camp in Upper Silesia—a camp which housed British internees captured by the blitzkrieging German armies in places as far afield as Salzburg, Austria, and Trondheim, Norway.

The facts surrounding the broadcasts are murky. For one thing, the broadcasts, beamed to America, not to England, were only incidentally picked up by the B.B.C. monitoring unit—and then only fragments.

However, Wodehouse was being as optimistically vague as Bertie Wooster himself when he said there "was nothing to it."

On June 26, 1941, the day after Wodehouse had been removed from the internment camp to the Adlon, he was interviewed by Harry Flannery, of the Columbia Broadcasting System, which, being an American organisation, still had its correspondents in Berlin.

Flannery, in his "Assignment to Berlin," quotes some fair samples of his way of talking.

Said Wodehouse in part: "I was never interested in politics. I'm quite unable to work up any sort of belligerent feeling. Just as I'm about to feel belligerent about some country, I meet a decent sort of chap. We go out together and lose any fighting thoughts or feelings."

Good Wodehouse, all of it, but hardly acceptable at a time when his home country was being bombed.



AUTHOR AND HIS WIFE, who are now living permanently in America.

Here is some more from the same interviews—even better Wodehouse and even less acceptable. In fact, angry British people had another word for it—treasonable.

"In the days before the war I had always been modestly proud of being an Englishman, but now that I have been some months resident in this bin (the internment camp was an old reconverted lunatic asylum) or repository of Englishmen I am not so sure . . . The only concession I want from Germany is that she gives me a loaf of bread, tells the gentlemen with muskets at the main gate to look the other way, and leaves the rest to me.

"In return I am prepared to hand over India, an autographed set of my books, and to reveal the secret

week-end atmosphere of pre-1914 and pre-1939.

Wodehouse's attitude to politics and to life generally, says Orwell, was probably formed around 1911 when he started writing his first books—the incomparable school stories of "The Pot Hunters," "The Gold Bat."

And to Wodehouse the war was a bore which interrupted, in the form of German storm troopers, a pleasant house party at Le Touquet in the summer of 1939.

He saw no reason, I believe, why a lot of jolly decent Germans and jolly decent Englishmen should get heated over nothing to the extent of having a "scrap."

The political nature of Nazism was, I gained the impression, not only unknown to him, but could not have been understood by him.

The post-war horror revelations of Belzen, Dachau, and Auschwitz, the Third Reich's racial purity laws, the human soap factories, the concentration camps could have meant little to him.

The Germans he knew were those with whom he stood over a bar and shared a "whisky and splash." Some of them probably even liked cricket.

Wodehouse spoke openly about his internment but at the same time uneasily.

"I shouldn't worry, you know," he said, pacing up and down the carpet, his ready smile gone, his hands nervously clasped behind his back.

"After all, I've been cleared by the French, British, and United States Governments. I never meant any harm and in any case I was only asked to describe camp life in humorous broadcasts to America. I don't know what people made the fuss over—especially since I have not yet found anyone who heard one of the broadcasts."



P. G. WODEHOUSE, the English author, with his 14-year-old Pekingese, Wonder.

I questioned Wodehouse about internment.

"I think it was one of the happiest times of my life," he replied. "I have never been in better health than I was then. My weight went down from about 14 to 12 stone. The Germans treated us well. We played cricket every day. Some of the internees were retired mercantile mariners—English, and what a grand lot they were.

"Later my wife was allowed to come from France and join me. Life wasn't so bad."

At this stage Mrs. Wodehouse joined us. She is short, red-haired, and proud of her famous husband.

"We live a very English life together," she said, "We have fuss and nightclubbing and celebrities and all that."

Third member of the Wodehouse household is a small, somewhat uncertain-tempered Pekingese, Wonder. She is 14 years old, blind in one eye, and sat out the war at Le Touquet waiting for P.G. to return and liberate her.

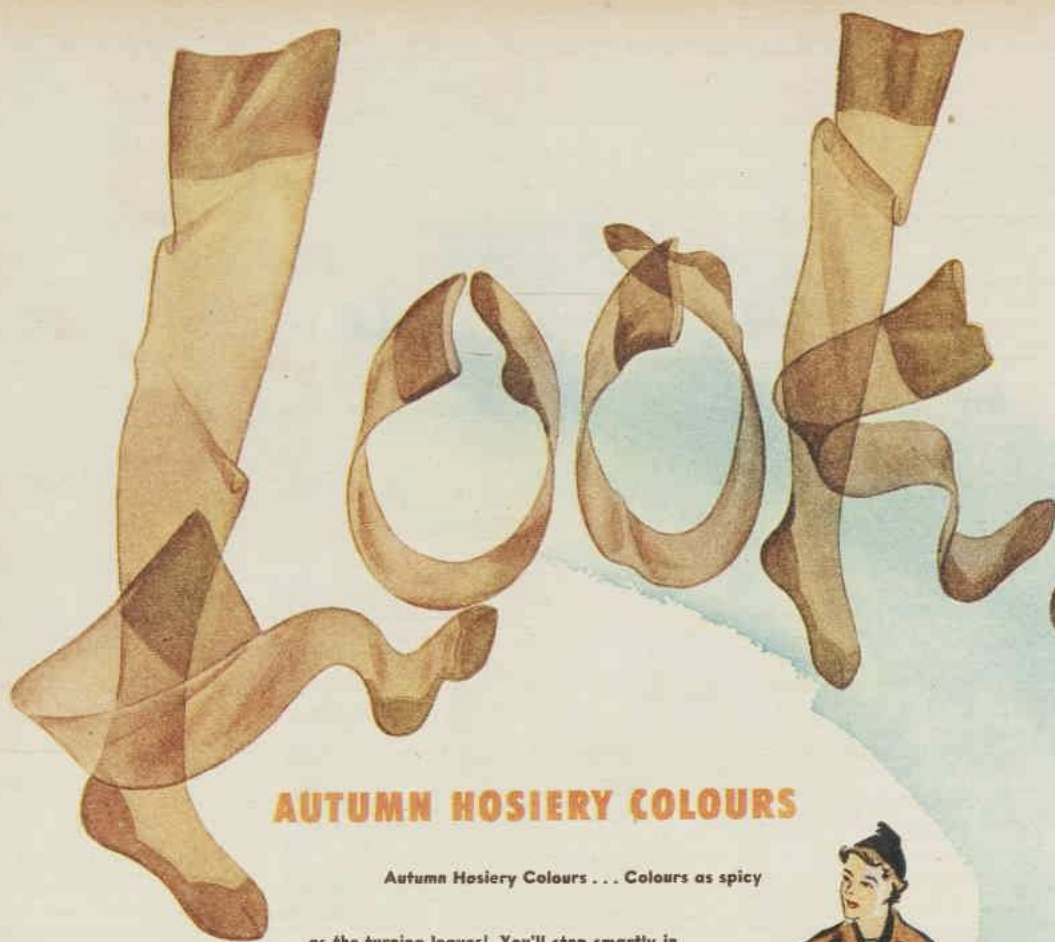
I made signs of departure now. "Must you go? Very decent of you to come and see an old duffer like me," Wodehouse said when I rose to go. "Yes, I think you can tell Australians that I'm definitely going out there one day soon, can't leave it too long, might die. Must see one more Test match, though. Oh, yes, and tell them I'm going to remain a British citizen. I feel all British people ought to stick together now I come to give it thought."

We had reached the door and he stood smiling kindly in the light, his blue eyes gleaming. A warm handshake, a smile, and I was in the lift. The door closed. There was a terrific hammering on the door.

The driver opened it. Wodehouse poked his head in.

"Meant to say again how nice of you it was to come and see me. You must hate this sort of thing. Journalist myself once. Had to go and see Winston Churchill, oh, dear, I forget how many years ago. I got into a frightful dither over it.

"Called at the door, asked for Mr. Winston Churchill, please. Most fortunate thing in the world, you know, butler said he was in his bath. Would never have known what to say to him. Good-bye! Good-bye!"



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● Fake ocelot, beautifully soft and warm and the very latest in fashion news, makes a highly dramatic skirt, ideal when worn with sweaters.



● Stunning black-and-white zebra-striped vest, made with the new wide-open neckline, and with large self buttons closing the front, is warm, versatile, and terribly smart for wear with contrasting skirts and blouses. The two front peaks add line and dash.

● Plush-soft, and full of feline grace, this wonderful winter hearth-and-house coat is made from fake leopard that looks the very image of the real thing. It has a neck-to-waist collar, a tailored tie-sash, and twin pockets.



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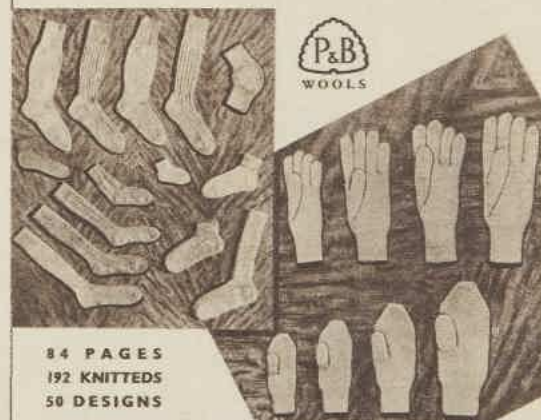


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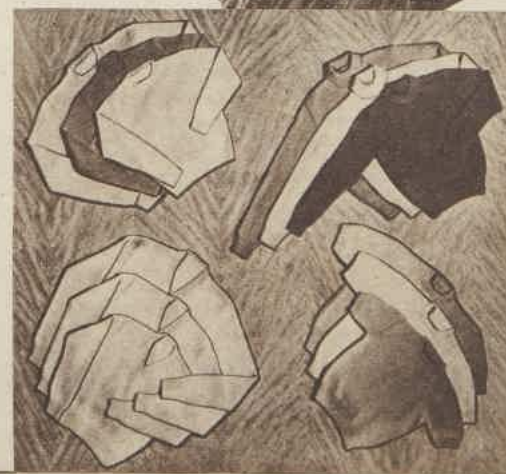
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Dedication to Service

Interpreted for Red Cross by Ernest Buckmaster

The very spirit of Red Cross is dedication to service . . . but the spirit needs the backing of the people to keep it alive in its practical application. The blood banks, the emergency relief services for disaster victims, sanatoria to fight tuberculosis, the hundreds of tasks that are helping disabled service men and women, the long, patient nursing of tiny cripples, the aged and infirm . . . We can all help Red Cross to maintain the grand services that mean so much to those who have been hit hard by fate.

This is Red Cross Month . . . Give Liberally!

Swimmer, titled fiancée plan coaching school

Will make home here after their marriage in the South of France

Seldom has a secret been better kept than that of the romance resulting in the engagement of the Hon. Patricia Cavendish, only daughter of the Countess of Kenmare, and Australian swimming champion Frank O'Neill.

They had been unofficially engaged for two months. The first people to hear the announcement were the hundreds of swimming fans who packed North Sydney Olympic Pool for the N.S.W. Swimming Championships.

PATTY and I had planned on my winning the race and making the announcement after it," Frank said. "What we hadn't done was to work out an alternate plan if I lost it. And half-way through it looked to me very much as though I was going to. After that I got a hurry on."

The engaged pair have flown with the Countess of Kenmare to East Africa where they will stay with her son, Lord Waterpark. Later they will go to the South of France where the Countess has a villa from which the young couple will be married.

After their wedding the young O'Neills will return to Sydney to live. Frank is not going to keep on with his present work as a dental mechanic, but will turn professional and take up swimming coaching.

"We have it all planned," Patricia said. "We will build somewhere near the water. Our idea isn't just a house, but a 25-metre pool as well. It will be, we think, the only one in Australia."

It's the use of 25-metre pools that gives American swimmers such exceptional times.

Patricia's father was General Frederick Cavendish, second husband of the Countess, who was formerly Enid Lindeman, of Sydney.

Frank is the son of well-known Manly identity Thomas O'Neill, for the past 25 years manager of the Manly baths. Frank's eldest sister Meg is a swimming instructor, and a younger one, Peggy, is a theatre salerette.

Frank, who is 23, came second in the 110yds. freestyle at the Empire Games in New Zealand, and holds the Australian 110-yard, 220-yard, and medley titles.

Patricia—she always calls her Patty—first met when they were both returning to Sydney on the Orcaades five months ago. Since then they have seen each other almost every day.

Frank claims that he saw Patricia before she saw him. "It was the first night out," he said. "You were having dinner with your mother and brother. I found out who you were and . . ."

"Now that I come to think of it, I can't remember that we were ever introduced," Patricia broke in. "Didn't we sort of get to know each other at the swimming pool?"

During the voyage Frank would choose what he hoped might be off-times to go to the pool and have a work-out. Somehow or other, Patricia would usually appear.

"I had never seen anyone able to swim as well as Frank," she said. "It fascinated me."

Under his tuition he says that her own swimming is coming on. When they first met she could hardly swim at all.

"Backstroke especially seems to be Patty's specialty," the Australian champion said. "I'm really pleased with her."

"But I wish to goodness," he continued, "that you'd get that hair cut. You know you always get it wet."

Patricia's taste in bathing suits is O.K. with her fiancé. She has upwards of a dozen of them, but not, as has been reported, a new one for every swim. His favorite is a one-piece white, patterned with red flowers. Manlike, he called it "that sort of red-and-white one."

A young man of medium height, easy, relaxed manner, and a ready sense of humor, Frank O'Neill is far from being the husky but dumb athlete of films and fiction.

He moved among the delicate ornaments and antiques of the Countess' Sydney flat with easy grace, addressing his future mother-



SWIMMER'S PARENTS, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas O'Neill, fishing at Manly.

in-law with just the right mixture of friendly deference.

Both Patricia and Frank made one big sacrifice for the other. He has given up wearing what she calls "awful American ties," and she has given up smoking.

When asked if she could cook, Patricia said promptly, "Yes, eggs and bacon."

"Hey," said her fiancé in alarm, "you never told me that."

"Never mind," he said more cheerfully, "Patty's mother's a beautiful cook, and Patty must have learned something from watching her."

The household accounts of the young Frank O'Neills are likely to be a little unorthodox for the first few months of marriage.

Never having gone to school—she was educated by private governesses—Patricia is not very strong on arithmetic. "The whole trouble was that I persuaded them to teach me what I liked, and not what I didn't like," she said.

But the blonde heiress has already acquired much of the knowledge needed by a swimmer's wife. She knows who holds what titles and their times, whether a swim is anywhere in world class, and if it's not how many seconds need to be clipped off for it to be so.

"Though I mightn't be able to do sums, and I know I'm not going to be any good at sewing on buttons,



THE HON. PATRICIA CAVENDISH AND FRANK O'NEILL on Manly beach the day before they left by plane for Africa. Her fiancé admires the swimsuit she is wearing more than any of her others.

at least there's one thing I can do," Patricia said. "That's pack."

She went over to Frank's home and did all his packing for him before they left Sydney.

During the war Patricia, who is 24, worked as a stenographer-typist in the U.S. Embassy in London. Later, she went over to Paris and worked with the U.S. Air Force.

"All the time I kept my long fingernails," she said proudly. "I worked out a certain way of typing that didn't break them."

Earlier in the summer, when the Countess rented a house at Bayview, near Sydney, Frank O'Neill was a family guest. With the Empire Games ahead, it was essential for Frank to keep up his strict training programme, and Patricia used to get up at six o'clock every morning and drive him up to the Olympic Pool at North Sydney.

"While our engagement was still a secret, I sent messages to Patty three times over the A.B.C. relay from Auckland," Frank said. "It's a wonder nobody tumbled to our romance sooner."

During the Empire Games Patricia was romantically in hospital having her tonsils out.

She says that she "lived by the radio." Beside her was the black cat mascot Frank gave her before he left for Auckland.

Frank stayed by Patricia's bedside on the morning of departure until the last minute before the team was due to leave. "I darn well thought she was going to die," he said.

Frank paid his own fare to the Olympic Games, hoping to be added to the Australian team of swimmers. He was not, but after the Games

OUR COVER

ALL the gay colors of a parrot's plumage have gone into the making of the feather cloche on our cover. It is by Australian designer Margot Macrae. Other autumn hats by famous designers appear on page 11. All the hats were photographed by Robert Cleland.

were over he stayed, giving swimming exhibitions in Britain and Europe.

The Countess of Kenmare's Irish home (now sold to the Ali Khan) is next to the one in which he stayed when he went to Ireland to visit relatives.

"But it's spoilt as a coincidence," he said, "because I didn't know Patty then, and so hadn't even the romantic satisfaction of looking longingly through the gate."

Patricia, who is tall, of athletic build, with grey eyes, honey-gold hair, and a matching gold suit, is wearing a five-stone turquoise engagement ring.

She saw it first in a Sydney shop window, and stopped to admire it, little knowing that in a matter of weeks she would be standing by the side of her future husband selecting it for her engagement ring.

It is a little too big, and until she has it altered Patricia wears a small guard ring to keep it in position.

"To tell the honest truth," Patricia said, "the one person I never imagined myself marrying was an Australian—that is, until I met Frank."



MOTHER of the bride-to-be, the Countess of Kenmare.



NEWLY ENGAGED PAIR photographed during a morning's packing shortly before their departure.

HOPES FOR MORE HOMES

THERE could not be a better time than now (unless it had been sooner) for the Federal Government to be taking a hand in obtaining pre-fabricated houses from abroad. A mission will soon go overseas to inspect these houses, and already customs duty on them has been abolished, as well as on scarce building materials.

Home is still the basis of the average person's happiness, and thousands of Australians now are continually miserable because of their housing situation.

By the calendar, autumn has already begun. Soon there will be that tang in the air, that rich magnificence of leaf and bloom that autumn flaunts in the face of coming winter.

Women, tired of the endless tyranny of ironing summer frocks, begin to think cosily of the fireside joys that are winter's compensation.

But there's the rub. Winter's pleasures are for the well-housed only. All sorts of sub-standard dwellings, camps, huts, and converted garages that are bad enough in balmy spring and sweating summer become intolerable in the freezing draughts and cold rain of winter.

Women who must try to dry children's clothes and keep the family fed and warm in such conditions come near to breaking point.

The Government will find no surer way of entrenching itself in favor than by finding short cuts to new homes.

If more homes cannot be provided for this winter, may there be reason to hope for the next.

ELIZABETH BROWNING: Poet's Romance

THE love-story of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning combined the high romance which the Victorians admired in their poetry with the absolute respectability they demanded in domestic life.

Their story has been told innumerable times, but its rare and simple beauty is indestructible.

Dozens of manly Robert Brownings have firmly crossed the stage and clasped the hands of languishing Miss Barretts in Rudolph Besier's "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

Biographers have been extremely busy, and the field has been so thoroughly covered that the distinguished writer Virginia Woolf was forced into the device of giving us a dog's-eye view of the famous courtship.

In "Flush," Mrs. Woolf tells the story from the time Flush, Miss Barrett's cocker spaniel, nipped the intruder to the time when Mr. Browning's charm had completely won over the dog as well as his mistress.

This story of high yet so very respectable romance begins in the 'forties of the last century.

In Victoria's England, in Dickens' London, there was living at 50 Wimpole Street the family of Edward Barrett Moulton-Barrett.

The family, a typically large 19th century one, consisted of 11 children, the eldest of whom was Elizabeth, born on March 6, 1806.

The mother, also in typical Victorian fashion, exhausted both by child-bearing and Mr. Barrett's inhumanity and unkindness, had almost literally faded away.

As Mrs. Barrett expired, Elizabeth, his favorite child, was also being suffocated by his possessive affection.

Edward Barrett has become the prototype of the Victorian parent, a tyrannical and unjust father.

A former slave owner (he inherited Jamaican estates), he nourished the peculiar notion that his children belonged to him body and soul for all time.

His two chief edicts were that they should not marry and should not have guests to dinner.

The girls, who fared better than the boys, were permitted to have visitors during the daytime.

Two of the girls, Elizabeth and Henrietta, and one of the boys, Alfred, defied the first injunction, but it is unlikely that any stranger ever sat at Mr. Barrett's board.

Elizabeth was never a robust child, and a fall from her horse when she was 15 left her with a permanent spine injury.

Her illness was serious enough, but it was undoubtedly aggravated by oppressive domesticity.

To account for her remarkable recovery after marriage, we must presume that Mr. Barrett had prac-

FAMOUS WOMEN

tically mesmerised his family, including Elizabeth, into a belief that she was a permanent invalid.

By 1844, she was confined to her upstairs room at Wimpole Street.

This room, where the ivy, entwined, completely covered the never-opened window and lent a green shade to the interior, and where the busts of Chaucer and Homer looked thoughtfully down from the bookcase, was Elizabeth's universe.

To help pass the endless hours, Elizabeth wrote critical pieces for the Athenaeum, which were rather dull and prosy, innumerable letters, which were gay, charming, and self-revealing, and, most important, she wrote poetry.

Her early poetry was generally derivative and in the best (or worst) Victorian tradition. It was erudite, with a well-defined and prominent moral, sentimental, and wordy.

But it was considered fine enough for Moxon, the publisher, in 1844 to issue two volumes.

As a consequence, to the quiet room, where time seemed to have stood still for so many years, came first an extraordinary letter and then an extraordinary man.

On January 19, 1845, Elizabeth received the letter.

She looked first at the signature, Robert Browning, and then, reading rapidly, she saw the impulsive, fateful words: "I do, as I say, love your books with all my heart—and I love you, too."

"Such a letter from such a hand," were her words of reply.

"They lived happily ever after."

But in spite of the romantic and promising beginning it was not until after long and persistent representations on Browning's behalf by their common friend, John Kenyon, that Elizabeth consented to a visit.

The correspondence that began with that letter is contained in two closely printed volumes, running to nearly 1200 pages.

Only one important letter is missing.

At the beginning of May, 1845, Browning wrote a letter to Elizabeth which turned their relationship from poet-to-poet to lover-to-beloved.

Shocked and bewildered, Elizabeth promptly returned the letter and asked him to destroy it.

But by May 20 she had forgiven him sufficiently to permit him to visit her personally.

On that afternoon at 2.30 the extraordinary man, Robert Browning, aged 33, a trifle of a dandy, something of a scholar, by growing reputation a poet, and all of a man



Elizabeth Barrett Browning, from a painting.

was shown upstairs by Wilson, Miss Barrett's maid.

Within a few months, Browning was importuning Elizabeth to marry him and go to Italy.

To Elizabeth, a spinster of 39, living in such a household as her father's, and believing herself a hopeless invalid, his proposition seemed too fantastic to consider.

Browning was patient but confident. His letters and visits became more frequent and more urgent.

Elizabeth struggled valiantly to regain her health, for at last she had found something which made life seem worth living.

In February, 1846, she had recovered sufficiently to walk downstairs unaided to see Henrietta's admirer, Captain Surtees Cook, in his full regimentals, and then miraculously walk upstairs again.

By March Elizabeth had consented to marry Browning, and it was only a question of when and how.

Mr. Barrett met the "pomegranate man" (as he referred to the author of "Bells and Pomegranates") on one of two of the poet's visits to the house, and had no premonition of an enemy within his gates. In fact, he told Elizabeth he quite liked Browning.

At last, Elizabeth, dreading another English winter, and realising that her father's consent would never be forthcoming, agreed to marry Browning in secret.

On September 12, at St. Mary-le-Bone Church, attended by Wilson, Elizabeth was married to Browning, who was accompanied by his cousin, James Silverdome.

After the ceremony they went to the home of Mr. Boyd, her old blind tutor, and drank some Cyprus wine.

Then, her simple wedding day ended, she took off her gold ring and returned to her father's house to pass the long week before she and Robert could depart for the Continent.

The following Saturday, accompanied by Wilson, she met her husband at Hodgkins, the booksellers, and they took the train for Southampton and the boat to France.

Mr. Barrett was irreconcilable to the last.

"I have no objection to the young man," he told Mr. Kenyon, "but my daughter should have been thinking of another world."

It was indeed another world that opened to Elizabeth—Browning and Italy.

The journey to Italy exhausted her, and Robert more than once feared she might die.

But soon the sunny climate of Italy and the warmth of happy married life began to thaw the chill which London and the Barrett home had driven into Elizabeth's bones.

Although she never became really strong, she was able to move about quite freely, visiting art galleries, the operas, and other places which interested her, and accompanied Robert on sightseeing trips.

But much of her time was still spent as it had been in Wimpole Street, lying on a sofa in an upstairs room, reading and writing.

Outside the open window of Casa Guidi, in Florence, were sunshine and gay voices, instead of London fog and green ivy clinging to the panes. Downstairs, instead of Mr. Barrett, who might come up without warning to terrify and torment her, was Robert, who might burst in at any moment to show her something he had been working on.

The Brownings married life was simple and happy.

On March 9, 1849, their son was born, and was christened Robert Wiedemann Browning in the Lutheran Church at Florence.

Robert ("Pen," as they called him) was strong, healthy, and intelligent, a joy to both parents.

One of the most charming anecdotes of the Brownings in Italy concerns the Sonnets from the Portuguese.

One morning (probably in 1849) Elizabeth came into the room behind Robert while he was looking out of a window, slipped something into his pocket. She enjoined him not to look at it until she had gone and then, if he thought fit, destroy it.

The small packet of papers was the 44 sonnets which tell in poetry the story of their courtship that the letters tell in prose.

Continued on page 25

GOOD HOUSES ARE AGELESS

YOU can build a home that won't be dated by changing fashions in architecture.

The essentials are simplicity, honesty, and realism.

How many houses built before 1930 would you enjoy living in today? How many houses being built to-day will satisfy your son in 1970?

But here and there among houses that have lost their charm is an ageless design in which architectural mannerisms have been subdued. Their design is simple, brick and steel look like brick and steel, and they face the facts of their climate and site and the way of life of their occupants.

You can learn a lot from houses of the past, says a leading architect in A.M. for March, now on sale.

The article is illustrated with pictures of Australian homes of every period, including a full-page color reproduction of an early 19th century Tasmanian house from Hardy Wilson's famous book, long out of print, "Old Colonial Architecture in New South Wales and Tasmania." You can frame it.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By GUS



AT THE SPEAKER'S PARTY at Parliament House Mrs. H. G. Menzies, wife of the Prime Minister, talks to Mrs. John Howse and U.S. Ambassador Mr. Pete Jarman.



SMILING GROUP of daughters of Government members at the Prime Minister's party. From left: Heather Menzies, daughter of the Prime Minister; Pat White, daughter of the Minister for Air (Mr. T. White); Helen McLeay, daughter of Senator George McLeay; and Leonie Cramer, daughter of new member Mr. J. O. Cramer.



MINISTER FOR DEFENCE (Mr. Eric Harrison, right) has an amused audience for an anecdote in his wife, Mrs. Bruce Graham, and Mr. Bruce Graham, new member for St. George, of the reception given by the Prime Minister after the Opening of Parliament.



LOVELY GOWN worn by Mrs. Harold Doctor, formerly model Betty Davies, who is photographed with Mr. Harold Kirkpatrick at the George Washington birthday celebration party on the Showboat.

Intimate Greetings

DEBUTANTE daughters of Government ministers and members bring a new gaiety to the dignity of our Capital City when they crowd into Canberra to enjoy with their parents the festivities connected with the Opening of Parliament.

Pretty Heather Menzies proves tower of strength to her mother, the Prime Minister's wife, in the busy social life they have had during the past weeks.

Unanimously voted as prettiest of the younger set is Janice Lyons, who as the daughter of a former Prime Minister (the late Mr. J. A. Lyons) has spent her whole life in the aura of politics.

She is very excited at having the privilege of seeing her mother, Dame Enid Lyons, take her place in parliament as Australia's first woman Cabinet member.



NEWCASTLE WEDDING at Christ Church Cathedral for Mr. and Mrs. James Doda. In group are Malcolm Inglis, Susan Gai Watt, bridegroom and bride, Mervyn Finlay, and Louise Brown. Bride was formerly Margot Balfour Brown.



MEMBERS OF NEWLY FORMED younger set of the Anti-T.B. Association are Rosemary Allan (left), Marie Auckett, and Prue Barns. Committee's first social event will be a theatre party at the first night of the Metropolitan Theatre's next production.



DRESS REHEARSAL for Beverley Eagles, who parades the lovely tulle and lame gown which she will wear at the Loreto Ex-students' Association Ball at the Trocadero on March 13 for fellow-debutante Margaret Hore and matron of honor Mrs. Tom Bateman.



WEDDING GROUP at All Saints, Woollahra, after marriage of Helen Goddard and Ken Coles. Attendees are Peter McPhillamy, of Forbes, Keith Goddard and Geoffrey Peacock, Priscilla Surge, Beverley Coles, Barbara Saxton.

REUNION for Lt.-Col. Bob Murray-Jones and his wife, formerly Mrs. Joan Parsons, Bob returned to Japan with the B.C.O.F. a few weeks after their marriage twelve months ago. The couple are now staying with Joan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry See, of Edgecliff, while they look for a house.

DOUBLE celebration for Judy Monty when her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alf Monty, give dance in her honor at their Glebe Point home. It is her 18th birthday, and the occasion of the announcement of her engagement to Kangaroo footballer Bobby Lullham.

Bobby's parents come from their home at Forster for the party.

Judy wears a charming ballerina off-the-shoulder frock in pink organza, and her engagement ring is a square-cut diamond set with three diamonds on each side.

YOUNG public servant Lucy Levick, who went off last year on tour of England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Continent, returns home with diamond engagement ring on her finger. Her fiancé is New Zealander Ron Dunn, whom she met in England, where he was also holidaying. Ron is awaiting a passage home, and the marriage will take place in Sydney.

Lucy is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Levick, of Dulwich Hill.

ANOTHER of the many departures for overseas is that of Mrs. John Brunton, who sails in the Orizanto for England to join her daughter, Diana. She will be away nine months.

Also on the high-seas Britain-bound are Dr. and Mrs. Austin Mooney, of Brisbane, who spend two days in Sydney visiting Austin's family before they sail.

Austin, who is a graduate of Sydney University, will do post-graduate research overseas.

ENCOUNTER former Armidale resident Noel McFadyen entertaining guests at small afternoon party at Australia Hotel. His party is comprised of group of Armidale University students, who were about to leave for their scholastic centre for new year of study. They are Judith Penrose, Clare Wickham, Joan Ward, Keith Dunn, and Peter Rae.

FAMILY party at the Astra, Bondi, given by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Herbert for May Herbert, of Caraboblin, Forbes, before she leaves by flying-boat for Auckland to join the Akaroa for England. Her father, Mr. D. T. Herbert, comes down from Forbes to attend the party and see his daughter off. May, who is a Red Cross handicraft teacher, has been in charge of the Handicraft Hut at the Lady Gowrie Home.

ATTRACTIVE navy nylon frock with circular pencil stripes and white organdie collar and cuffs is worn with gold chain belt by Helen Venn Brown, who adds gold straw helmet hat trimmed with cherries. Helen chooses the ensemble to wear when she hitches at Romano's celebrating her birthday. Guests are her sister Janet, Jenny Williams, and Yvonne and Renee Halsall.

DATES in my diary: Town and Country Fair to be held at Rose Bay Convent on evening of April 14, and afternoon of April 15, in aid of building fund for the Margaret MacRory Kindergarten . . . Sydney University Settlement Ball on April 14, at which debutantes will be presented to Governor (Lt.-General John Northcott) and Mrs. Northcott in the Great Hall . . . Combined Ball of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart College, Kensington, and Marist Brothers' High School at Trocadero on April 17, which will this year celebrate the Marist Brothers' Jubilee.

Joyce



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Larwood family . . .



LARWOOD FAMILY photographed just before they left Blackpool (Eng.) for Australia. Back row: Mrs. Larwood, Harold, Sylvia. Centre: Mary (11), Enid (14), June (21). In front: Freda (6).

Fast bowler, now a football fan, has no cricket gear in luggage

By ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

When Harold Larwood, famous bodyline bowler of the early 'thirties, arrives here shortly there will be neither cricket bat nor cricket boots in his luggage.

Larwood, who is bringing his wife and five daughters to settle here, is now a football fan.

THE family are coming here on the advice of Jack Fingleton, former Test cricketer, and for them it is the greatest adventure of their lives.

I met them all in Larwood's sweet shop in Blackpool when they were packed up ready to leave.

"Time has eased the heart-burning," Harold Larwood said, referring to the bitter controversy about his bowling. He looked at his five daughters and added, "I want to give the girls a chance."

Eldest of his family of five daughters, 21-year-old June, has made her wedding frock, and is taking her fiancé to Australia as well.

"We don't want to leave her behind, do we, mother?" Harold said to Mrs. Larwood.

"No," said the mother, "as she doesn't want to leave Cyril."

So when Harold sold his sweet shop Cyril Roper sold his garage.

And they are all travelling out together.

"I got the price I asked for my shop," said Harold, "so we're paying our own fares."

"But not first class," said Mrs. Larwood, "no suit-shirt life for Dad and dressing oop at night for the girls. We'll be quite comfortable second."

Into the cabin trunk Harold Larwood took with him to Australia 17 years ago, the man who withstood fierce criticism and continued to bowl fast is packing his clothes for a very different life. He has no cricket bat. And in the bitter years that passed he kept few trophies.

"I'm 45 years old and settling down now," he told me. "We hope to make our home in Sydney. I want a job, but not cricket."

"But I'm not degrading the Old Country," Harold said, as he viewed the wintry weather and deserted seaside resort from behind the well-stocked shelves and counters of his sweet shop. "What I live for now is my girls, and it's to give them a chance I'm going to Australia."

"They've always been a bit daft about Australia," he said, "ever since I brought back 'Billie Bluegum' from my cricketing tour."

With only one ear (and that badly chewed), no eyes, and a lot the worse for hard wear, Billie Bluegum rested in the youngest Miss Larwood's arms.

"It's really June's bear," Harold said, "but as each of the girls came along Billie was passed on and loved by them all in turn."

"Aye, that was 17 years ago," reminisced Mrs. Larwood, a small, gentle little woman with a sweet smile. "June was only four when her Dad came home with Billie Bluegum for a present."

So Bill is being taken back to his native land by the five Larwood daughters, and 11-year-old Mary wants to work at the kiosk satisfactory her father has told her about.

"She's very clever, is our Mary," Harold Larwood said of his third daughter as she blushed. Mary was cop of her form at the Blackpool school, is a garden lover, and has been studying art.

It was Mary who wrote away for some literature on Australia as soon as the family's migration was discussed. That was two years ago.

"My two big sisters didn't want to go at all," she said. But Mary's subtle campaign won. The home above the sweet shop was always full of new pictures showing the Australian bush, cities, factories, schools.

"June was courting," Mary said, looking at her newly engaged elder sister. "So, of course, she didn't want to go."

Second eldest, Enid, was making friends at Blackpool School. Fourteen years old, she was looking forward to leaving at 15 and starting work.

"I like Blackpool in the summer," she said. "It is very gay."

So with father only vaguely considering the move, mother indifferent to where they lived as long as her family was happy, the two eldest against and the next two for the venture, it wasn't till baby Sylvia—three years old in April—added her voice to the weight of argument for the trip that the matter was settled.

As soon as things were decided Harold put his sweet shop up for sale. He paid a third deposit on a

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 11, 1950

Seven fine new Australians



BILLY BLUEGUM, treasure of all the Larwood girls in turn, is returning to Australia with 21-year-old Sylvia.



CRICKET BAT, made by their father, is wielded by Mary, while Freda keeps wicket.



FAMOUS BODY-LINE BOWLER Harold Larwood behind the counter in his Victory Sweet Shop in Blackpool.

double-berth cabin for himself and wife, a five-berth for his girls.

He then cabled Jack Fingleton: "Sailing on Orontes." And Fingleton, opening batsman in bodyline days, cabled he would find the family temporary accommodation.

The stripping and the packing started as offers of jobs came from Australia to Blackpool.

June's trousseau was folded away, her new sewing machine given a greasing for the voyage out.

Mrs. Larwood went in search of cotton frocks, bathing suits, school books for studies on the voyage out. Father took his cricketing pictures down from the walls, oiled the locks on the trunks, marshalled his girls to the passport photographers, got them their visas. The family doctor called and gave the injections, and for a quick look at London the Larwoods booked rooms in a central hotel.

"It wouldn't do to leave without seeing the sights, would it?" Mrs. Larwood said. She and the girls had never been to London.

The last days at Blackpool were spent showing the new people how to run the shop, handle the sweet coupons.

In the four years Harold Larwood was in Blackpool he picked up all the tricks of the trade. Before that he was market gardening in Nottingham. And for a brief time at Blackpool he was a cricket coach.

It was only a year ago that Harold Larwood, the shopkeeper, left the sweet wales to tear open an envelope that healed a 16-year-old wound. It was an invitation to become honorary member of the M.C.C., cricket's holy of holies.



OLD CABIN TRUNK which Larwood took to Australia 17 years ago is packed again by Mrs. Larwood, with daughter Jane helping.

He smiled the gentle smile that is known to all the children who troop into his shop for their sweets.

"It was nice of them to remember me. I am honored, but not overwhelmed," he said.

His name was on the first list of retired professional cricketers to be elected honorary members of the M.C.C.

Harold Larwood, however, won't watch first-class cricket. His experiences have made him bitter.

"I'm a football fan now," he said. "I've gone regularly every Saturday afternoon."

Larwood himself is thinner; grey hair thinning on top, wears silver-rimmed spectacles, and, with a

north country accent, is as slow in his speech as he was once fast in his bowling.

He is well liked, yet has few friends. "And if it weren't for football I don't think he would ever have left the shop," Mrs. Larwood said. "He shuns the outside world."

There is something rather sad about this cricket recluse, who never goes near a pitch, who has made no money from cricket, who by some quaint irony was blessed with five daughters, none of whom is serious about cricket. Only the younger ones sometimes coaxed him out for a game on the Blackpool sand with a bat he carved for them out of a piece of boxwood.



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WHEN he had had enough rice, and the father of Tan Li was still busily eating, Wang Ah Ling deliberately tapped out a cigarette and lighted it. Then he, too, pretended to watch the river traffic, making sure that the smoke drifted downwind past the old man's nose.

"You—will—ah—will soon find a house of your own, Wang Ah Ling," the old man said, putting his empty bowl down, his nostrils quivering.

"It is possible. I have been thinking of the daughters of Chang Wei or Chon Feng."

The old man looked at him in disbelief. "Why?"

"Men who make foolish purchases and have little rice are inclined to be reasonable."

The old man chuckled and drank the last of his tea. "I know what is in your heart, my son."

He put the cup aside and waited expectantly for Wang Ah Ling to offer him a cigarette.

Wang Ah Ling was forgetful.

"I have thought deeply to-day," the boy said, exhaling. "A woman is a woman. I am now in a position to make arrangements to my liking."

The smoke was a cloud round the old man's head. "For a quarter interest in the sampan—" he began.

"We will leave the sampan out of it," said Wang Ah Ling sharply.

"For three cartons of cigarettes, a sack of rice, and a leather Army jacket—"

"I will not waste time haggling," said Wang Ah Ling. "I offer one carton of cigarettes. That is all."

"Two," said the old man piteously.

The Wang Ah Ling of yesterday would have capitulated; the Wang Ah Ling of to-day blew smoke rings.

"One and a half," begged the old man.

"One."

He blew a thin stream through narrowed lips, and the old man leaned forward to catch what he could of it.

"One carton and a package," said the old man firmly.

"One carton," said Wang Ah Ling.

"And an extra package for guarding my stores while I'm off at my wedding."

The old man ground his teeth.

The Silver Talisman Continued from page 4

He asked brokenly, "When do you wish to take the girl?"

"Now," said Wang Ah Ling.

At four o'clock that afternoon, scrubbed, combed, shaved, and dressed in new garments, with his riches locked in a bamboo hamper for which he had traded a pair of white socks, and with the father of Tan Li sitting on the hamper, Wang Ah Ling went aboard the girl's sampan and the great dreamed-of day had come at last.

A few minutes later he led the way across the bridge and through Garden Park toward the river temple, walking swiftly. Tan Li followed with quick, obedient footsteps, her dress billowing in the wind.

And once she called, "You go so fast, Ah Ling!" He did not slow his stride, though he remembered his father walking ahead of his own small, hurrying mother in the days of his boyhood.

Then he recalled something else: Doctor Manning, of the American mission, had allowed his wife to walk at his side, and once when Ah Ling had commented on this to his father, with approval, his father had whipped him.

Wang Ah Ling stopped abruptly. "You will take my arm," he said gravely. "You will walk at my side."

The gratitude on the flower face at his shoulder made his blood run faster. They raced side by side through the wind and the sunlight and across the park to the temple.

When they had burned incense and declared themselves married, Wang Ah Ling put the small hand in the crook of his elbow and hurried her back across the bridge.

"It has been four years since I first saw you," he said, almost stuttering in his excitement.

"Yes, Ah Ling."

"That is a long time for a man to wait."

"Yes, Ah Ling."

They were passing the great hotel on the corner when she tugged at his sleeve and begged him to join the gathering crowd.

"Look, Ah Ling!" she cried, jumping up and down to see over the shoulders. "It is an American wedding! Isn't she beautiful?"

There was a rain of confetti under the portico where as an American bride and bridegroom ducked their heads and ran through laughing people to a waiting car.

The watchers applauded. Then the car drove

away, and the guests departed and the crowd dispersed.

Tan Li glanced up in puzzled inquiry. "Why are we waiting?" she asked.

"Because I am thinking."

"Of what?"

"Of white cake."

"Why of white cake?"

"I do not know," he said.

He stood holding his lapels, his head back, waiting. Out of the mists of his boyhood came a sweet memory. First, of appearing frogs. Second, of spring sunlight. Third, of walking home past a high wall around an American garden.

Then he remembered: Wasteful clouds of rice in the air; it had been rice, indeed. A bride and groom dashed through the garden gate into a waiting car and drove away.

He had climbed a tree and looked over the wall. There had been a deserted garden on which were many plates of cakes and many half-filled glasses of bubbling wine. He had landed barefoot and quiet in the garden.

The cake had had an unbelievable sweetness, exploding with delight in many tastes. There had been innumerable small sandwiches of red, salty fish. He had eaten everything in sight and had gone undiscovered.

"What is it, Ah Ling?" Tan Li asked anxiously, after a long time.

He mused. "The son of Chang Wei once helped in the hotel kitchen and there was cake after a wedding there, too, and the cooks ate it."

"But one would not dare go in!"

"It is proper to have cake for a wedding," he said, firmly taking her frightened fingers in his hand.

He was sustained by the dollar in his pocket as he led her along the alley, through a greasy passageway, and down a circular iron stairway into the brightly lighted hotel kitchen. They saw cooks in high bonnets, and busy Chinese waiters, and bus boys in white aprons.

A chef with a florid, open face came from his office and asked sharply, "What is it, boy? What do you want?"

Please turn to page 24



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Woman is stage magician

Prefers pretty tricks to bloodthirsty illusions

By PAT McKINNON, staff reporter

Blonde woman magician Miss Miriam Peppler believes that there are some fields of magic which are particularly suited to a woman's talents.

"Illusions with silks, flowers, and lighted candles look pretty on the stage, and are acts which emphasise the natural grace of most women," she told me.

BUT seeing a woman in halves or outlining her with daggers is much too bloodthirsty.

"It wouldn't be nice to see one woman saw another in halves," she said, and looked shocked when I suggested that substituting a man for the woman in the act might be a novelty.

"You sound as though you might have someone in mind," she remarked.

I interviewed Miss Peppler, who claims to be New Zealand's only woman magician, before she began an Australian tour as front-of-house manager to magician Mr. Maurice Rooklyn.

"Although I am a magician myself I am very interested in the managerial side of show business, and so the opportunity of working with an experienced artist like Mr. Rooklyn seemed too good to miss," she said.

When Miss Peppler speaks of magic a far-away look comes into her eyes.

"Some magic can be really beautiful," she says, and, as she explains the sensational effect of a stage becoming a garden in flower at the flick of a wrist or utterance of the word "abracadabra," she magically conveys to the listener some of her enthusiasm for illusion.

Miss Peppler, who comes from Christchurch, New Zealand, says her earliest recollections are concerned with magic.

Her father was a keen amateur magician, and she was his best audience.

"I loved watching him rehearse his tricks, and from the time I was quite small I was often put into boxes and apparently made to disappear," she said.

"I decided I wanted to be a magician, too, so I started to learn magic under my father's tuition. By the time I was 17 I had worked up my own act and was taking professional engagements."

During the war, Miss Peppler took part in camp concerts three or four nights a week, and between times studied to add to her repertoire of tricks, and to improve her presentation.

As the only woman performing magic in New Zealand, she had been specially favored by other magicians, she said. Clubs and societies interested in magic and illusion always included her in their activities, and in this way she met most internationally known magicians who visited that country.

Among these was The Great Levante, who taught her several tricks and effects, and gave her many helpful tips.

Miss Peppler said she often practices new tricks on her family. "My mother, father, and sister Alison are nearly always my audiences for home rehearsals, and they are excellent critics."

"Mother is wonderfully patient about my tricks. She says she's resigned to having magicians in the house, but I noticed she was very pleased when my sister took up kindergarten teaching instead of illusion."

RIPPLE shugle is part of stock in trade of magician Miss Miriam Peppler. Although she keeps in practice, Miss Peppler thinks card tricks are a little too masculine for women magicians.



FLOWERS falling from an apparently empty paper cone is one of Miss Peppler's favorite flower tricks. Miss Peppler, who claims to be New Zealand's only woman magician, is visiting Australia to manage tour of fellow-magician Maurice Rooklyn.

On the practical side of magic, Miss Peppler, who is a member of the N.Z. Society of Magicians, edited a magazine called "Conjuring Chatter" during the war.

She was also secretary of a committee which arranged the magicians' convention held in Christchurch some four years ago.

"Magicians, both professional and amateur, came from everywhere to spend days on end talking madly about magic," she said. "Ideas and tricks were exchanged, overseas trends in magic were discussed, and competitions were arranged so that effects and presentation could be compared."

Now one of her fondest ambitions is to attend a similar convention in the U.S.A.

Signature piece

ALTHOUGH she has devised her own methods of presentation and different effects for tricks, Miss Peppler said she could not claim the development of any completely original trick.

However, she did have a signature trick, one which she always included in her act.

It is known as the mutilated parrot, she says, and is a trick which is suitable to be performed by a woman.

Miss Peppler does not usually include cigarette or card tricks in her act, as she feels that this type of trick looks much better when performed by a man.

Her most worrying stage experience had to do with a large buck rabbit which protested violently when it was brought out of a hat.

"It gave me a deep gash on the arm, but I managed to get through, although I was rather put out of my stride," she said.

Miss Peppler observes the tradi-

tion of stage magicians by wearing evening dress when performing. Care of her many evening gowns and the equipment for her act takes a great deal of time.

Miss Peppler said that she has only heard of four women magicians performing in Australia, but it was not an uncommon profession for women overseas.

America probably had more women performers than other countries, the most publicised being Dell O'Dell.

"Being so tall myself I was cheered to learn she is a very big woman," Miss Peppler said.

For the future Miss Peppler has hopes of becoming a really first-rate magician, and with this as her goal practises each day to keep her eye in, and her hand supple.

She said she cannot understand why more women don't take up magic.

"They have a natural grace which makes them pretty to watch on the stage, and there is so much in magic that a woman can enjoy," she says.

"I have magic to thank for so many things—a career which is almost a hobby, meeting interesting people, and now travel."

Miss Peppler thinks the most necessary gift for a magician is a great love of magic.

"One must be very keen to begin with or the bother of practising, getting equipment together and working out new routines would be too much."

"After that, a magician must have complete confidence in himself or herself, as nervousness will be relayed to the audience."

"Once an audience senses a lack of confidence in a performer it begins to worry that a trick will go wrong, and no longer enjoys the act."

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The Silver Talisman

Continued from page 22

WANG AH LING bowed politely and spoke at length in Chinese. The chef called a bus boy.

"Say it again," invited the bus boy. Wang Ah Ling's confidence wavered now in spite of his dollar. He explained that he had been on his way to his sampan from the temple, after his wedding. An impulse which he did not understand had prompted him to come here to the kitchen, where he did not belong, to ask for a piece of wedding cake for his bride, which she did not deserve.

He was backing away in terror, bowing deeply, when the chef called him back.

Other cooks in white bonnets gathered around them, cackling in many languages, and there was much laughter because of many jokes.

It dawned on Wang Ah Ling that the kitchen staff had already indulged in leftover wine; he bitterly regretted his curious impulse and wanted nothing so much as to escape with his bride.

But now the red-faced chef had issued an order and Chinese helpers carried a towering white cake to a long smooth table. The chef, roaring with laughter at a joke he had made, cut squares from another cake and repaired the half-eaten structure, slapping it with white icing until it looked as good as new.

Then he poured three glasses of wine from a fat bottle and taught them the art of touching glasses in courteous best wishes; they drank. Then when it was translated, the chef had said: "Take it away!"

When it had been repeated several times, Wang Ah Ling found himself going step by step up the circular stairway with the cake on a tin tray, with his wife following dazedly, bowing to the watching cooks in astonishment and gratitude.

The big chef, beaming in a friendly fashion, came toward them merrily with two loaves of crusty bread. He tossed them to Tan Li, who caught them deftly.

"How did this happen?" she cried, delighted.

Wang Ah Ling fanned against the steel door and drew a deep breath. "I do not know myself!" he said, all his confidence returning. "It is a decision that comes into my head—you must have a cake for your wedding."

"Why must I?" "I do not know," he said happily, "but we have it."

There were small doll figures of a bride and groom on top of the cake, and Tan Li, with the loaves of bread in her arms, danced beside him to the quay.

"See what he has got for my wedding!" she cried. "See what he has done!"

It made a greater stir than his earlier arrival.

"He has bought something else with his dollar!"

"How far does a dollar go?"

"I have a cousin in San Francisco!"

"I have a nephew and two nieces in Denver!"

The father of Tan Li got down from the hamper, which he had been guarding, swooned with ecstasy as he experienced the exploding delight of the taste of cake, and went away with his extra package of cigarettes, proud of his son-in-law.

Then they shared the cake with others in courteous fashion, thus making friends for the new House of Wang, after which Tan Li tidied the sampan and put the rice bowls away. Wang Ah Ling stood at the stern, gripping his lapels, watching the young evening stars in the sky.

"You are thinking again, my husband?"

"Yes, I am thinking."

"Of what?"

"Of a cat."

"Why?"

"I do not know. I am thinking of a cat."

He called suddenly to the small

daughter of Chou Feng, and she leaped aboard in eager anticipation. Wang Ah Ling got the bread knife from the hamper and cut a thin slice of crust.

"Eat that," he said.

The small daughter of Chou Feng lifted the bread to her teeth, and it was gone. Wang Ah Ling cut another slice.

"Take this to your father and tell him to try it," he said. "Then I will trade him four generous slices for his Army cot."

When the girl had hurried off, Tan Li said, "But what will we do with an Army cot, my husband?"

"We will sleep on it under the new blankets."

"Why?"

Wang Ah Ling looked at the straw mat, which had provided nightly comfort since the days of his boyhood, and shoved it aside.

"I do not know," he said. "I have an impulse to sleep on a cot. I do not understand it."

A few minutes later, Chou Feng appeared with the cot, and the arrangements were quickly concluded.

"There!" said Wang Ah Ling proudly, when he had put up the cot. "Does that not look proper? Spread the blankets!" And when the blankets were spread, he said, "There, indeed, that is proper."

His wife studied him curiously. "You are like a different man today, Ah Ling."

"Wonderful thoughts have come to me ever since I dived for my dollar. There is more to tell you."

"What?" she asked breathlessly. There were onlookers again crowding the quay.

"Later," he said, "when we are alone, I shall tell you a thing of wonder."

Night fell and the sampans were quiet, the fires died, and in the city many lights went out. Lying in their cot they could see the stars in the dark sky through the arched door of the cabin; they were warm under their blankets, they had eaten well, and their hungers were appeased.

He held her in his arms, and that was when he told her about the medallion and the brilliant reasoning he had done on the river bank, and the wonderful impulses that had visited him throughout the day, leading him on to these riches.

"The dollar in my pocket brought me new thoughts and made me unafraid," he confided in a whisper. "Now I will work hard and get business for my sampan."

"We are rich already."

"But here is a greater secret, a thing of wonder," he whispered. "We are richer than you know. I still have my dollar. It is here in my hand."

She was crying. He turned in alarm and felt tears on her cheeks.

"What is it?" he demanded, thinking that she regretted the loss of the medallion. "What is wrong?"

And then she surprised him.

"Thank you for confiding in me, Ah Ling," she said. "In my father's house one never knows what has happened."

"It is time for new attitudes," he announced gravely.

"I think so, too."

"I shall put my dollar in a leather sack and wear it forever in place of the medallion," he said with inspiration. "We will found a house for the future, not for the past."

"I like everything you say," Tan Li murmured.

He listened to the lapping water and watched the night sky until it seemed that he was floating off into it with the dollar in his hand.

"I wonder," he said sleepily, "I wonder what that American could have been thinking of this morning when he stared at me and threw away such wealth."

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It seems to me...

AT a convention held to push the movement for a new State in northern New South Wales one speaker, Mr. Ulrich Ellis, urged country people to take part in a "civil disobedience campaign" if the Government didn't grant a referendum on the matter.

He suggested, as part of the campaign, that country people should ignore Government correspondence.

But how is the Government to know whether its correspondence is being ignored, or merely forgotten?

It might be more effective to adopt a well tried Government formula and answer all letters with the words, "Dear Sir, Your letter has been received and contents noted."

Feeble, perhaps, but so are the chances of getting effective co-operation in a civil disobedience campaign.



Dorothy Drain

THOUGH such suggestions as the one mentioned above aren't likely to bear much fruit, the move for smaller States has a big following in various parts of the Commonwealth.

The New England separation movement has been in existence for more than 20 years; a new State has been suggested on the border between Victoria and New South Wales; and some opinion favors the division of Queensland into three States.

There's a belief, not without justification, that Governments tend to govern with their minds chiefly on 'capital cities, where population and votes are thickest.

Quicker communications have altered some of the problems since the new State movements had their birth, but there's still a strong feeling of being "on the outer" in districts far removed from the seat of government.

If these plans ever come to anything, it is to be hoped that the present discrepancies in the various State laws are rectified.

It is bad enough having so much variation in, for instance, divorce laws in six States, but if ten States decided to set up legislation individually in such matters the confusion would be so much the worse.

NOT being the owner of a bank vault full of family jewels, I was much interested to read that it takes a qualified gemmologist to tell the difference between real sapphires and rubies and the mass-produced synthetics reaching Australia from Czechoslovakia.

Microscopic and other scientific tests reveal differences that aren't apparent to the eye, but, since a synthetic sapphire costs about £2 1/2 a carat (that's the weight of a stone about a quarter-inch in diameter), and a real one £40 a carat, I should have thought that synthetics would ruin the market for real gems.

Mr. Jack Taylor, Federal Secretary of the Gemmological Association, says that isn't so.

The synthetics are popular for costume jewellery, he says, but he believes that the personal satisfaction in owning an article of value will preserve the market for real gems.

"You know what women are," he added. "If another woman wears a ring with a very large stone, her friends are quick to realise that it must be synthetic."

I remarked that I'd be just as happy to wear a necklace of synthetic rubies as real ones, banking on the fact that if one met a gemmologist at a social function he wouldn't have his microscope with him.

But Mr. Taylor thinks that this is a minority viewpoint. Which is bad news for buyers of engagement rings.

IT'S a curious thing that officials of Russian controlled countries don't try, with their stage-managed trials of opponents of their system, to make the proceedings more convincing to Western minds.

The recent Hungarian trials of American Robert Voegler and Britisher Edgar Sanders for espionage produced the same results as always—confessions by the defendants, followed by expressions of sorrow at their wrongdoing.

It's the abject expressions of remorse in these political trials that are so difficult to swallow.

An explanation of the same behaviour by defendants in prewar Russian trials was offered by Walter

Duranty, American correspondent, in "The Kremlin and the People," published in 1942.

Duranty claimed that the difference between Russian and Western races explained the Russian confessions of guilt in political trials.

"Americans and Englishmen have lost their lives for proven crime without a word let past their lips," he wrote. "But Russians are different. When confronted with damning facts that they can't deny they seem to find a last satisfaction in 'spilling the beans,' a feeling that somehow they can square themselves, not perhaps with their judges, with their own consciences."

Duranty dismissed as nonsense the stories of torture, hypnosis, or mysterious drugs.

Perhaps he would have claimed that Hungarians are different, too. But how to explain away now the same behaviour by an Englishman and an American?

His argument sounds pretty specious to-day.

OFFICIALS of the Government of India have decided to use white tape instead of red.

The main reason is that red, they say, is the color of Imperialism, whereas India is now a republic.

Not many people think of Imperialism when they think of the color red to-day, but in any case red tape isn't red, it's pink.

This is one of those minor mysteries that is possibly explained by the fact that men, the chief users of red tape, are more prone to color blindness than women.

AN American architect urges that the kitchen be designed as a place for meals in a servant-less house. This may suit some people, but speaking personally:—

Will you come into my kitchen?
Says the hostess to the guest.
Hope the smell of cooking
Gives your appetite a zest;
Don't trip on the saucepan;
Wait, I'll clear a chair.
Like to read the paper?
Makes me nervous if you stare.
What? Oh yes, the carrots,
Yes, just a trifle burnt.
(Wretch, if you'd been later
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WORTH Reporting

THIS is Red Cross month, and a nation-wide appeal is being made to help finance the many aspects of Red Cross work in Australia.

One of the many praiseworthy activities of Red Cross is the craft training it makes available to disabled ex-service men and women throughout the country. They benefit in body and mind, and by selling the goods they make are able to augment their pensions.

Medieval art and aboriginal primitives are the inspiration for many of the articles made by the thousands, who are being taught crafts.

At Red Cross Headquarters, Sydney, a former miner has just finished in intricate 16th century style Florentine rug that might belong to the Renaissance. A Montenegrin, veteran of both world wars, has been making wicker handbags, using the colors and designs of Central European embroidery.

Baskets and trays feature the blues and ochres which typify the work of North American Indians, and a number of men are making the traditional American hooked rugs.

Mrs. Muriel Reynolds, a former Army nursing sister, of Narrabeen, Sydney, was natural resources for her basketry. She gathers native riverpine from the shores of Narrabeen Lake and lavender stalks from her own garden. Then she sews them together with New Zealand flax she specially grows for this purpose. The wooden bases are stained with resin taken from a blackboy tree growing in the district.

The men and women who attend Red Cross handicrafts centres in each State are, because of war injuries, unable to take up normal employment; but they are not just "filling in time." They are learning useful occupations, keeping alive old crafts, even pursuing the history and technique of old masters through their art therapy studies.

BEING about to have a refractory appendix removed, one of our staff went indebted to friends and acquaintances for the following comments: "My cousin's husband has a ten-inch tear." "They'll get you up the next morning." "Just enjoy yourself in hospital, dear." "Pentathol makes you talk like a two-bob watch." "After all, it could be worse. It could be a three-hour job." "If the ambulance hadn't got Edna there when it did, her appendix would have burst."

A subway engineer who designs brassieres

A CIVIL engineer who helped build Boston's subways is top designer for a leading American brassiere manufacturing company. He is Leon N. Alberts, inventor of the "Underlift" brassiere.

While riding one day in one of his subways, the idea came to him that an improved type of brassiere could be built on the same principles as a suspension bridge.

He began an engineering analysis of the stresses involved, and, as a result, designed a brassiere with three straps on each side instead of the usual one.

LOOKING through a copy of the magazine *New Yorker* the other day, we found an advertisement that seemed to us a certain indication that the seller's market has at last been replaced by the buyer's. A New York firm of delicatessen importers was offering readers a selection of ten types of cheeses—boxed in what was described as a beautiful plastic jewel case.



"Yes, I knew the minute I saw you that you must be Joe's mistress. Anyone who's ever seen those imitations of you that Joe does down at our lodge smokes..."

Kindergarten memorial to pioneer nuns

TWO young Australian nuns, Mothers Helen Herlihy and Dorothy Ormesher, of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Rose Bay, Sydney, are travelling to England to take a course at the Froebel Kindergarten Training College, London. They will return to Sydney equipped to teach at the Margaret MacRory Kindergarten, which is being built at Rose Bay Convent as a memorial to a distinguished pioneer nun of the order in Australia.

The Kindergarten will represent a departure in the educational programme of the Society of the Sacred Heart in Australia, as it will be its first venture into the field of pre-school education.

Founded in France in the 18th century, the Society of the Sacred Heart opened its first Australian convent at Rose Bay in 1882, and now has three houses (including a University College in Sydney), two in Brisbane, and one in Melbourne.

It has progressed from its original object of educating girls to take their place in society and home life, and now trains them for professional careers as well.

In the past 20 years, ex-students have been prominent in the medical, legal, journalistic, teaching, and nursing professions.

Among the nuns in Rose Bay Convent are a barrister, a doctor, and a trained nurse, as well as many with high degrees in Arts, Science, and Economics.

Tartan takes wings for Britain

A COMPLETE dining-room suite, upholstered in McGregor tartan, has recently flown the Atlantic. Made in Glasgow, it was first shown (with more conservative upholstery) at the Scottish Industries Exhibition, where it attracted a promising dollar order.

The designer, banking on America's well-known love of anything novel and colorful, adapted the suite for export by upholstering the chairs in famous tartans.

As soon as the American public heard about the McGregor suite it showed itself so interested that the original order was doubled before the first one could even be displayed.

Each item of the suite—designed for the average home—can be bought separately. It consists of an oblong table, sideboard, six chairs, tea-trolley, and coffee-table.

Customers are given the choice of the suite in three different woods—natural oak, walnut, and natural mahogany.

Approved meat eaters join vegetarians

A CHILDHOOD experience when she was forced to listen to pigs being killed was responsible for Mary Foley, honorary secretary of the Victorian Branch of the Vegetarian Society, swearing off meat for life.

At the Austral Health Academy, which has become the headquarters of the society in Melbourne, Miss Foley explained that meat eaters were being permitted to join as associate members.

The main stipulation is that the meat eaters must be humane and prepared to espouse the cause of prevention of cruelty to animals.

Most of the vegetarian members, she said, were moved to become vegetarians not only for health reasons but because they wished to eliminate what they regarded as the needless killing of animals.

After a recent public meeting at the Melbourne Town Hall, where demands were made to enforce the Police Offences Act relating to the protection of animals, the Society had many inquiries from people who wished to join as a practical way of registering protest.

Mrs. Bain, vice-president of the Vegetarian Society, puts down to a special vegetarian diet her complete cure from rheumatoid arthritis.

Mrs. Bain grows in her garden at home such salad greens as dandelion (not to be confused with rape weed), kale, angelica, chick weed, and a weed called "fat hen"—a menace to potato crops but full of iron and mineral salts.

MOST boys and girls in Britain who left school last year were interviewed by Young Employment Bureaux.

Biggest surprise among the girls was the large number who were asking for work with shipping firms. They said that if they couldn't travel in body they wanted to travel in thought and spirit.

Biggest surprise among the boys was the lad who wanted to be an undertaker. When asked why, he said he thought it was a steady, well-paid job with no off season.

Factories turn from guns to galoshes

TO anyone who has ever wondered what has become of all those hush-hush factories built by the Government during the war, here is the answer as supplied by the Department of Post War Reconstruction.

Eighty of them have been sold or leased to 293 different firms which will eventually employ 29,286 hands engaged in making rubber footwear, soap, rolling stock, and a diversity of other articles.

Thirty-eight of the factories are in the country, 217 are on industrial estates such as St. Marys, N.S.W., and Finsbury, S.A., and only 38 are in the cities.



"I think he's overdoing the author act. All he writes are first-year spellers."



Pork asks for MUSTARD



Roast pork, with crisply baked crackling; bacon, fried to a turn; pork in every form needs that golden dab of Keen's Mustard to put a true edge on your enjoyment. Good cooks and gourmets know that the richer the food, the more essential the mustard. When you serve pork, add mustard for flavour, and be sure the mustard is Keen's.



KEEN'S of course!

Eczema Itch Dispelled

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny pores and pores whose greasy hide and cause terrible itching, cracking, scaling, burning, sore, blisters, freckles, blackheads, pimples, foot itch and other skin troubles. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germ quickly and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store today and attack the real cause of many skin troubles. The guarantee protects you.

Nixoderm.
For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

Simon's Wife

Continued from page 5

THE door opened directly into the kitchen. It was a clean, bright room with red geraniums blooming in earthenware pots on the wide window sills. The floor was of red bricks, freshly polished and covered with gay rag mats. A kettle sang on the hob of the fire, in front of which sat an old man in a rocking chair.

A collie dog sat up with ears erect as if doubtful whether he should welcome so late a visitor with a growl or not.

"What's the woman want, Joe?" asked the old man, as the younger man shut the door and came back into the room.

"Just a little business about a horse, Dad," replied the son as he drew up a chair, and motioned Cordelia to be seated.

The old man looked sideways at her as she sat down, and muttered, "Don't be fed astray, Joe. Is she a widdler woman?"

"Well, now, I wouldn't know, Dad," replied Joe easily.

"Women!" snorted the old man. "Widdlers! Cumins! as . . . as . . . Suddenly his head drooped back against the cushions of the chair, and he slept as if the effort of his warning had exhausted his strength.

"Don't you mind him, marm," said Joe, his dark eyes twinkling under their black brows. "Since Mum died he's got the idea that every woman is after the two of us, especially widdler women. Now what about this horse? How come you're nowhere to keep him?"

Leaving forward, Cordelia told him the story of the horse, and he sat listening to her with such apparent interest that she found herself telling him, too, about Stubby and their dealing with the gipsies.

"Well, it's all right by me. The old horse is welcome to what comfort he can get on our land."

"It's very good of you," said Cordelia. "Of course I will pay for him."

"There's no need for that," said Joe. "The little he'll eat of the grass won't make no odds."

"Oh, no, really, I insist," said Cordelia. "Oh, and we took a little of your hay this morning for his breakfast."

"You did!" he said.

"There was no time to ask you," she said earnestly, and rose from the chair. "I am most grateful to you."

"I was just making a cup of tea," he said. "Why not stay and have a cup, too?"

"Oh, no, thank you," she said. "I must get back."

"Come on, now," said Joe. "Stay till the storm's passed. You don't want to get wet."

The rain was beating against the window panes, the thunder rolling across the downs.

"Well, it's very kind of you," said Cordelia, and seated herself, making small talk, as he set about making the tea, then poured a cup, handed it to her, and offered a plate of rock cakes.

"How do you find time to keep everything so neat?" she asked, presently, looking round the kitchen.

"Why, Mrs. Fenn from the village, she comes in of a morning and does the sweeping and cooks and prepares the dinner," he replied. "Dad doesn't get up till she's gone, and I manage the rest. I should think you're kept busy yourself in that great house."

"Miss Sandys-Brown works hard," she said. "She does most of the cleaning in the front rooms and bedrooms."

"She works you harder, I bet," he said with a grin. Then after a little pause, "Let me get you another cup."

"Oh, no, thank you," she replied. "I must get back. I think the worst of the storm is over."

She rose, putting down her cup on the table.

"Thank you so much for everything," she said. "I'll tell Stubby

to put Nap in the field with the cows to-morrow."

"You're welcome," he said, and, rising, went to the door with her. "I'll walk a bit of the way with you," he said.

"Oh, please don't bother to do that!" said Cordelia. "I shall be all right, and you shouldn't leave your father."

"Robb will look out for him till I get back," said Joe. "Won't you, feller?"

The collie opened one eye and lazily thumped his tail on the hearth-rug as if in assent.

"I hate to take you out," persisted Cordelia.

"Well, it's dark and—" began Joe.

"I'm not afraid of the dark," she said quickly.

"And I'm not afraid of widdler women," he replied, and opened the door.

At the gate leading into the stable yard, she stopped and turned to him. "Good-night," she said, "and thank you again."

He put his hand over hers on the latch of the gate.

"Look," he said. "It's kind of a treat for me to have someone to talk to. Would you come to the pictures with me one night?"

"It's very kind of you," said Cordelia, taken aback, "but I get only one evening off a week."

"What evening?" he asked.

"Well, it's Thursday," said Cordelia reluctantly.

"Then say we make it Thursday week," he said firmly. "I'll be busy having this Thursday."

"Could I let you know?" asked Cordelia, for how could she refuse this invitation flattery and for no adequate reason after his kindness? "Why, certainly," he said, and releasing her hand he opened the gate for her.

CORDELIA was still thinking happily of Joe Cobden's kindness when she opened the kitchen door. The room was not empty. Evelyn sat stiffly at a table near the door.

"Do you know what the time is?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Cordelia, pleasantly, looking at her watch. "It's five minutes to eleven."

"I know the time," replied Evelyn. "I wondered if you did."

"I'm afraid I am rather later than I meant to be," said Cordelia. "I waited at the farm until the storm had passed."

"Is it you would let me know if you are going to be home late," Evelyn said, eyeing her coldly.

"Were you sitting up for me?" asked Cordelia. "You shouldn't have done that."

"I cannot go to bed till the house is safely shut up," said Evelyn, "with all these burglars about."

"Are you afraid of burglars?" asked Cordelia, with interest. "Oh, I am sorry! Could I make you a hot drink?"

"You could not," replied Evelyn. "Did Joe Cobden see you back?"

There was that in her voice that made Cordelia, even in her present mood, realise that there was no kindly interest behind the question. "He did," she replied, and was annoyed to find herself blushing.

"Of course it's none of my business," went on Evelyn, "and really you should be of an age to know what you're doing, but I think I should warn you that he hasn't a very good reputation with women."

Anger surged through Cordelia. "If giving up nearly all his free time to look after an old man is evidence of a wild life," she said, and even her voice quivered. "I think it is a great pity that there aren't more wild livers in the world."

"Oh!" said Evelyn. She rose abruptly and went out.

Please turn to page 36

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Foreign doctors begin again



WRECKED CITIES meant wrecked careers for many European doctors, some of whom came to Australia.

Two of them describe what it means to be able to practise here

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter

To the six foreign doctors who this year were granted registration by Sydney University, putting up their new brass plates has a deep emotional significance.

It means that after a long enforced absence from their chosen profession these men, many of whom had had distinguished medical careers in Europe, will be able to resume the work which they regard as the most interesting and important in the world.

OF the 13 foreign doctors who graduated at the end of last year, six were successful in the ballot that will allow them to practise immediately. The remaining seven must wait for registration till August.

Two of the 13 who graduated had served as medical officers in the British Army during the war, and seven have become members of the R.S.L.

Their stories differ from man to man and nationality to nationality. But underlying them all is the common one of dedication to a calling and the fight against all odds for the right to practise that calling.

We asked two to tell us their stories. We are calling them Dr. W. and Dr. Y.

They were among 22 foreign doctors, aged from 40 to 60, who in 1947 entered Sydney University as fourth-year medical students.

To these men, all of whom had lived through deeply tragic experiences, many of whom had left behind distinguished medical careers in Europe, their young Australian classmates must have seemed no more than raw boys.

But there was the one important bond between the older men and the young Australians. All had answered the call of one of the most demanding professions in the world.

Of the unfailing kindness and sympathy of their lecturers and fellow students for the next three years the foreign doctors speak with the greatest gratitude.

"They helped us in every way they possibly could," said one. "They never made us feel at a disadvantage because of our limited working knowledge of English."

The language barrier — especially in their first year — was the foreign doctors' greatest difficulty.

Though only one of the original 22 had anything like a command of English to start with, 17 passed their fourth-year examination.

The three years as medical students were ones of grim financial struggle for all. With no money coming in and living expenses to be met, the wives did the only thing possible and took jobs, some in factories, some in shops, and some in domestic work.

"Some people supposed we must feel that we were wasting our time in having to do the course," one of them said. "But this was not so. Those of us from countries that the war had cut off from medical developments were only too happy to be given the opportunity to study them. Besides, we were being doctors again. That was what mattered."

Here is the story Dr. W., the older of the two, told us:

Dr. W. was born in a town in the Carpathian Mountains. His father was engaged in commerce in a small way, and it surprised the family when their eldest son, instead of following his father, begged to be allowed to become a doctor.

He took his medical degree in 1920 and by 1924 had settled in a town of some 50,000 inhabitants, where he gradually built up a sound general practice, taking a special interest in the treatment of lung diseases.

He occupied a position of respect and responsibility in the community, and held the posts of manager of the T.B. Centre and of the medical department of a large hospital.

With his wife and two daughters

Dr. W. lived in a dignified, spacious house. When his eldest girl, in 1939, expressed the desire to follow in her father's professional footsteps, he was delighted.

Then the war came and almost overnight life was changed when the Soviet took over the town in which the W.s lived. Dr. W. was conscripted into the Russian Army and sent to a front-line hospital.

The Russian Army used his services for three years. Of this stage of his life Dr. W. says he had "great difficulties."

He lost three stone in weight.

In 1944 Dr. W. returned to what had been his home to find that his entire family had been killed. The house and all that was in it had been taken over by the Russians. Officially it had been nationalised.

There were literally no foundations on which to build up a new life. For a year he tried to find



PRISON CAMP in Hungary, where Dr. Y. was sent by his Government. He shared the small tent with three other doctors.



solace in the work offered by his old hospital. But it was useless.

At 57 years of age—alone, and bringing nothing with him, able to speak only a few words of English, his seventh language—Dr. W. arrived in Australia.

"It seemed almost hopeless at first," Dr. W. said. "I spent two hours on the morning of the first lecture hopelessly confused because I had mistaken the pronunciation of the word 'organism' with the pronunciation of the name Diogenes, the Greek philosopher, in our language."

"That is only one example of the language difficulty. But you can imagine my state of mind trying to work out why the lecturer in Fourth-Year Medicine had suddenly begun to talk about Diogenes."

"The examinations that first year were a nightmare. But things got better as we went on."

Dr. W. went without the most modest luxuries during the three years. He bought nothing, did his own laundry and cooking, allowed himself positively no indulgences.

For almost the whole time he was working 18 hours a day and sleeping for six. When he could study no longer he would walk up and down the street for half-an-hour, then go back to his books.

At the end of each exam. he would allow himself a few days' holiday. Then he went to the National Gallery, the Zoo, beauty spots within easy reach of Sydney—anywhere that offered relaxation and beauty for a train fare.

"My clothing all came from friends and relations," he said. "They were very gentle with me."

The same people, together with a welfare society, allowed Dr. W. the money necessary for living.

"There isn't very much time left to me now," Dr. W. said. "But I think there's enough for me to still be useful. I want to be of use to Australia in the only way that I can be—as a doctor."

"I know there are places where doctors are needed, and in one of those I am going to try and work."

So at 60, with what the average medical man would regard as a lifetime of professional achievement behind him, alone, and without financial resources, Dr. W. is going to start again—from the beginning.

Dr. Y., a younger man than Dr.

GOOSE-STEPPING NAZIS. They brought terror and hopelessness.

W., has just finished being a medical student for the third time in his life.

Dr. Y. was the son of a jeweller in a country town of a small mid-European country. There were three other children. When he was between 10 and 11 he set his heart on becoming a doctor.

His family made sacrifices to enable him attain this ambition, and young Y. worked hard at his school studies, so that when he left his pass would be sufficiently good to take him on to the University of Vienna.

During the first year of his studies, Y. found inexpensive lodgings, which he shared with two other medical students.

After the first year, he found it necessary to supplement his small living allowance, and began to coach at night and in any spare time.

He says now that working in the wards of the famous Wenckebach Hospital as an advanced student he began to know the feeling of a man who is certain he has made the right decision about his life.

When Dr. Y. graduated, M.D., Vienna, his student years were over, he was about to begin the work he wanted most to do.

Years of specialised study

After his graduation an offer to the young, enthusiastic doctor came almost immediately from a big general hospital in Stettin, Germany.

For the next three years he lived and worked happily in Stettin. Every day he gained in experience and capability. And every day he knew the satisfaction of contributing his share of skill and devotion to the care of the hospital's patients.

"Then in 1933 Hitler came to power. I was told that in the new Germany there'd be no room for foreigners. And I was a Jew. I went back to my own homeland, even though I had no medical degree in my own country," he said.

Dr. Y. was absorbed in doctoring and ambitious to go far in his career.

He decided to spend the next three years taking a degree from one of his homeland's universities.

To support himself he worked in free periods in a 700-bed city hospital, becoming an assistant, and later an honorary.

By then surgery was his main interest. But, anxious to have some special qualification, he made an extra study of urology (diseases of the kidney and bladder), and took a special degree in that subject.

In 1939 his best friend, a surgeon at the same hospital, introduced him to a pretty, dark-eyed girl, a kindergarten student.

They married in the shadow of war. Six weeks afterwards Dr. Y. was sent by his Government as doctor to a slave labor camp in Hungary. For the next three years the inmates of such camps, Serbs and Croats, the physically feeble and politically suspect, were his only patients.

Conditions were crude, medical facilities of the most elementary.

Dr. Y. did the best he could, putting behind him dreams of advanced techniques practised in a well-equipped surgery.

"Then in 1944 orders came sending me to a labor camp in the part of Russia overrun by Germany. I escaped, taking three weeks to walk home, hiding by day and walking and finding food at night," Dr. Y. said.

Some time after his escape the entire camp was removed to Auschwitz and exterminated by order of the German High Command.

"When I reached home—now a fugitive as well as a Jew—my wife had gone. I searched the city for her, and in desperation put a disguised advertisement in a paper."

Hidden in a farmhouse by a nurse who had worked at her husband's hospital, Mrs. Y. saw few papers, received no letters, and heard little outside news.

But such is the long arm of coincidence that one of the few newspapers smuggled in by the nurse was the one containing Dr. Y.'s advertisement.

She made the necessary contacts, and the Ys were reunited. Dr. Y. meeting for the first time the baby daughter of whose birth he had never heard.

Somehow the doctor, his wife and child lived through the following months until the Russians liberated their country.

Amid the ruins life started again. Dr. Y. returned to his old hospital. He and his wife were the only members of their respective families. To them Europe was sodden with bitter memories.

"I longed desperately to recover the lost medical progress of the last years," Dr. Y. said. "The war had left me with only two ambitions. They were to make life secure for my wife and child, and to get back to medicine."

"After years of silence we heard from my wife's sister in Australia. She arranged landing permits for us. We used our savings to buy our way out of the country, and in 1946 we sailed for Australia."

"It meant starting from almost the beginning, for I knew from inquiries that I would have to become a medical student for the third time before being allowed to practise."

Yet so utterly without flavor was the prospect to Dr. Y. of earning his living by any other means that he gladly accepted the terms.

Mrs. Y. took a job in a factory. Even so, some of the high-class medical equipment and instruments brought by Dr. Y. from his European surgery had to be sold. In three years the only new article of clothing he bought was a pair of shoes.

After three years the Ys' slender resources are exhausted. Like many of his colleagues, Dr. Y. is in debt to people who helped him. But he is free now to earn money to pay back the debts. This year a new brass plate will go up in some Sydney suburb.

On it, beneath his name and M.D. degrees of two European countries, will be the line "Certificate of Competence, University of Sydney."

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SALE of equipment from his European surgery (above) helped finance Dr. Y. through his three years at Sydney University.



THE NEW SPEAKER, witty, peppery South Australian Archie Cameron, wearing the wig and robes of office which had not been worn during the eight years that the Labor Party was in office. In the couple of days before the opening of Parliament, Mr. Cameron was his usual ruggedly individual self, in old Army trousers, worn slightly short-masted to reveal elastic-sided boots, and a navy lounge suit jacket. But when he entered the House as the newly chosen Speaker he was the embodiment of solemn dignity in his heavy black silk robe with starched white lace at neck and cuffs, and full-bottomed wig. Photographs by Staff Photographer Ernie McQuillan.



PRIME MINISTER Mr. Menzies in his office at Parliament House. His smile has the confidence of a leader with a big majority.



LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION Roy Wheeler. He is related to the famous potter who is 'Roy Wheeler'.

DEMOCRACY HAS A DAY

Crowds of "new boys" and their relative Parliament start work

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

A couple of dozen of the 67 "new boys" at the opening of Federal Parliament found an unintentional welcoming committee in the veteran politician Billy Hughes.

Mr. Hughes, who was standing at the entrance of the House of Representatives before the swearing in, shook hands with a member whom he knew. The others assumed that he was there to greet them. Billy rose to the occasion and solemnly shook hands with each one.

AFTER my first few hours among the increased population of Parliament House (123 M.H.R.s and 60 senators) I decided that a traffic policeman might not be amiss in the stately King's Hall.

For two days before Parliament opened the "new boys," accompanied by their wives or relatives, were everywhere.

They gazed wistfully at the portraits in King's Hall of former Gov-

ernor-Generals and distinguished politicians. They looked over the Parliamentary Library, wandered through the cool corridors, and glanced enviously at Cabinet Ministers trotting briskly from their offices to the Cabinet room.

They looked happy, they also looked like "new boys," but as the days wore on they gradually adopted the more poised air of colleagues who have served at least one term in Parliament.

There are two "new girls." They are Senators Agnes Robertson-

Robertson (W.A.) and Wood (Vic.).

The "new boys" and their wives or mothers in law were at the opening, so Senator brought her husband.

He is related to the famous potter who is 'Roy Wheeler'.

One new member's special family interest is 'Roy Wheeler'.

His uncle, H. C. The member for New South Wales, before Federation his old electoral district was his nephew's electoral district.

The "new boys" and their wives or mothers in law were at the opening, so Senator brought her husband.

Bill Falkender, who at 29 is still in the House, said the first time about 35 in the last Parliament is about 45 years old.

Experienced politicians that the new members between them a "pale."

For the b

TWO for whom a prediction are Victorian Brigadier General and Tom Gilmore, both growing electoral seats in North Queensland, both week showing his children round Canberra home, and then return in as a working parliament.

Others expected quickly in Federal Parliament. Freeth (Forster) Rugby Union player (St. George, N.S.W.) in the war, and Mr. Hughes (Chisholm, Vic.).

Getting to see Mr. than at his general is a hard job. Those efforts of the Post Mr. Anthony, I saw five minutes while in photograph, because I dare refuse a photo women's paper.

Mr. Chifley, now Opposition, was flattered pipe when I walked in.

When I asked him jiving his first office he replied: "I have big national dream but they used to say."



UNITED KINGDOM HIGH COMMISSIONER Mr. F. J. Williams and his wife arriving at Parliament House.



INDIAN HIGH COMMISSIONER Lieut.-Colonel Bedi and his daughter Mohini both wore national dress.



DAME ENID LYONS and Senator Tangney's father share a joke at the Menzies' reception.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 11, 1950



CHIFLEY, Mr. Chifley, smokes pipe in Parliament House.



WOMEN SENATORS. L. to R.: Ivy Wedgwood, Annabelle Rankin, Dorothy Tangney, Agnes Robertson-Robertson.



FOUR NEW PARLIAMENTARY APPOINTEES, all ex-servicemen. L. to R.: Under Secretaries Messrs. House (N.S.W.), Falkender (Tas.), Hamilton (W.A.), and Government Whip Gallett (Vic.).

OUT IN CANBERRA...

yes see

and Ivy Wedg-

all brought their to Canberra for name Wedgwood

Wedgwood, manufacturer, who has a seat in Parliament

Worrier, was the Chamberlain in Tasmania. Part of a row in his of Mitchell,

in Parliament are not average age but at the last

Franklin, Tas.), "baby" of the average age was Parliament, but this one.

idians told me others represent a lot of talent."

ladies

bright future is Gloria Cunniff, who has a seat in the tobacco-licensing bill, in who spent a wife and three

extra, took them and settled member of Par-

to develop duties are Gor- (W.A.); former Bruce Graham who lost a leg Wilfred Kent

Menzie's other Press interviews with the gallant master-General. him for a brief he "wouldn't graph for a

Leader of the his famous

If he was en- the cares of nice not to lions to make, after the Civil

War in America that there were slaves who didn't want to be free."

With witty, clear-speaking Archie Cameron as Speaker in the new Parliament, radio listeners should hear some bright comments when Mr. Cameron finds it necessary to reprimand members who transgress the Standing Orders.

It is also possible that they might some time hear Bruce Kekwick, the new member for Bass, Tasmania, burst into song in the middle of a speech.

According to Senator Wright, former Leader of the House of Assembly in Tasmania, he has done it before while speechmaking.

Gifted with a tenor voice which he recently used when he sang the leading tenor role in "The Messiah," Mr. Kekwick kept a political meeting at Bridport, Tasmania, entertained during his election tour when he sang, and played Mendelssohn on the piano, until Senator Wright arrived very late at the meeting to give his speech.

Unofficial host to new members and Senators when they arrived in Canberra was the Clerk of the House of Representatives, Mr. Frank Green, who is best described as "Master of Ceremonies" in the House.

Though his duties in preparation for Parliament kept him busy and he had a bad attack of gout, he found time before the opening to greet new arrivals and show them and their relatives round Parliament House.

With the ranks of women senators increasing slowly, some of the men senators think it will not be long before women predominate in the Senate.

"They're coming in one by one and before we know where we are we will be outnumbered," declared Senator Henty (Tas.).

"We would like a few more of them," said Senator Malcolm Scott (W.A.).

Senators Dorothy Tangney and Annabelle Rankin, who often get together on matters pertinent to the women of Australia, despite their different political convictions, are pleased that their ranks are growing.

Many of the men who were familiar figures walking round Canberra or Parliament House during the last Parliament are now seldom seen—they are Cabinet Ministers now, and they are hard at work.

On the other hand, men who formerly came forth from their offices only when summoned by Parliament can be seen "taking it easier."



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, Mr. McKell, walks up the steps of Parliament House to open the 19th Parliament. Mrs. McKell, who accompanied him, wore a grey frock with black accessories. Lieut. Peckey, A.D.C., at right.

Former External Affairs Minister, Doctor Evatt, now sits during adjournments in a large chair in the Opposition Party Room, chatting with colleagues, or walks between his Canberra home and Parliament House.

With its increased membership Parliament House is almost bursting its seams, despite additions which were finished six hours after the opening of Parliament.

Crowded quarters

THE Chamber of Representatives no longer has the roomy, club-like atmosphere of former days. The luxurious leather divan-like benches are still the same, but members have no lounging room since lines of long desks have been added.

Energetic Country Party members are tucked away in a far wing, there are three or four members in some offices, and at least twenty members on both sides of the House have to work in their party room.

Precedence in the allocation of rooms was given to members from distant States who cannot return home every week-end while the House is in session.

The big Parliament, while all-important to Australia, is a headache to some officials.

One man working overtime is genial Frank Bishop, who arranges air, train, and car transport for private members of the House of Representatives.

"My family has increased to 109, and I have to find transport for most of them when the House gets up each week," he told me.

"Fortunately most of the new ones stayed in Canberra for the first week-end of the session, but my worries will start when they begin going home each week-end.

"As for cars—I think we might have to think soon in terms of buses to and from the airfield and railway station."



FOUR MINISTERS. Mr. McEwen, Minister for Commerce and Agriculture; Mr. White, Minister for Air; the Treasurer, Mr. Fadden; and Senator O'Sullivan, Minister for Trade and Customs.



YOUNG LABOR MEMBERS—two "new boys," Clyde Cameron (S.A.), Bill Bourke (Vic.), with re-elected members Tom Burke (W.A.) and Kim Beasley (W.A.)



SENATORS collect their mail. L. to R.: Senators M. Scott (W.A.), E. W. Mattner (S.A.), E. S. R. Piesse (W.A.), and W. H. D. Henry (Tas.). All except Senator Mattner are "new boys."

STRIKING BENEFITS!

Lantigen 'B' Helps Eliminate Germ Poisons and Relieve Discomfort of CATARRH, BRONCHITIS

BRONCHIAL ASTHMA, SINUS and ANTRUM INFECTIONS, RECURRENT COLDS.

People who have taken Lantigen 'B' report remarkable relief and say that they have benefited in all the following ways:—



1. The nose doesn't feel "stuffed-up" and the head is free from dull, nagging headaches.

2. Chest is relieved of tight, bronchial congestion.



3. Good sleep is possible again without coughing or choking.

4. Health is better in every way—with more vigour and energy.



5. Resistance to infection by the catarrhal and bronchial germs is increased and, as a result, the complaints are kept in check and the system immunised against them—sometimes for years.

Many people who have been so greatly helped by Lantigen 'B' have written enthusiastic letters describing the great benefits they have gained. Some of these letters are printed here. Read them for yourself. They will convince you that relief from your own trouble is within your grasp.

If you are a sufferer you should know that, DROP after DROP after DROP, catarrhal poisons infect your entire system, destroying the tissues and sapping your vitality. You can combat these poisons safely and effectively with Lantigen 'B'—no injections—no pain—no danger—but a treatment that counteracts the effect of the germs causing these diseases. This positive relief is something that no sufferer can

afford to miss. Think what it will mean to gain relief from choking, coughing, sniffing and gasping for breath. And in most cases relief can be obtained from the annoyance and humiliation of nose stoppages, mucus and phlegm, head noises, catarrhal deafness, bronchial asthma, bronchitis, antrum, sinus, and other respiratory tract infections.

Ask your chemist for Lantigen 'B' today.

Read these Personally Written and Unsolicited Testimonies

"Used to Fear the Coming of Night"

Says Mrs. J. V. Pollett, of 20 Goodhope St., Paddington, N.S.W.: "Seven years ago I lay in bed drooped up on pillows, under drugs, trying to get control of my Bronchial Asthma and Catarrh. I used to fear the coming of night because all night long I coughed and coughed. I felt I would die unless I gained relief."

"Lantigen 'B' seemed just what I needed, and I bought my first bottle. In three weeks I was up and about again, and I have improved ever since. I am full of energy, where once I was dragged down. I sleep well at night. I have no signs of Catarrh or Bronchitis, and I never have a headache."

"Marvellous for Catarrh"

Says Mr. E. McKee, of Glenlee Station, N.Z.: "Lantigen 'B' is a marvellous treatment for Catarrh. I feel quite a new man. Have lost all dull headaches and dull feelings, and take quite an interest in life again."

"Free of Bronchial Cough"

Says Mr. Bert Hare, of Bligh Street, Wollongong, N.S.W.: "I suffered a severe attack of Bronchitis and was left with a harsh, racking cough which no amount of treatment would shift. Then my wife bought Lantigen 'B' for me and believe it or not, the third day from taking the first dose found me absolutely free from the harsh cough which had worried me all through the days and disturbed my rest at nights, and I now enjoy a cough-free life. Lantigen 'B' is indeed the deadly enemy of Bronchial Coughs and Colds."

"Wonderful Benefit"

Says Mrs. Dulcie Camage, of Mort Street, Blacktown, N.S.W.: "I must tell you of the wonderful benefit I have received from Lantigen 'B' for Catarrh, Sinus, and Antrum trouble. Treatment for many years failed to do me any good, but after one bottle I feel a new woman."

"Recurrent Colds Curbed"

Says Mrs. M. C., of Abbotsford, N.S.W.: "My elder son was fever without a cold. Since taking Lantigen 'B' he has not had one cold."

"Had Best Winter for Years"

Says Mrs. V. Pollock, of Lawson, N.S.W.: "Before using Lantigen 'B' I was in an awful state, got to the stage was even afraid to wash my hair, and any little change in the atmosphere, or sprinkle of rain on my head, or little breeze—then I'd have an awful attack, which would last for days—like a cold—then came Bronchitis and even like Asthma. Thanks to Lantigen 'B' I've had the best winter for years. I felt it my duty to write and let you know and thank you for my benefits up to date."

"Night After Night—Nothing Else But Cough"

Says father, Mr. J. Kerr, Melville Terrace, Manly, Queensland: "Before I heard of Lantigen 'B' I tried everything in the chemist's shop to ease my baby son of terrible attacks of Bronchitis, but to no avail. Night after night he would do nothing else but cough. All day long he would be heavy in the eyes and cranky through lack of undisturbed rest. My son has had three bottles of Lantigen, and from the first week of giving it to him he has been a different boy—no wheeze, no cough, only good rest every night."

HOW LANTIGEN 'B' DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE WORKS

Lantigen 'B' Brings Prompt Relief

Lantigen 'B' counteracts the effects of the germs and their poisons which mainly cause Catarrh and Bronchitis because it is a dissolved oral vaccine prepared by skilled bacteriologists working under medical direction.

Works Through the Bloodstream

Absorbed into the bloodstream through the mucus membranes of the mouth, throat, and digestive system, Lantigen

'B' stimulates the production of "antibodies." These antibodies are the system's natural antidotes to the "catarrh" germs. They neutralise the germ poisons and thus relieve inflammation, pain and congestion. Immunity against further attack is promoted and often lasts for years.

All These Benefits

Breathing easier, sore, stuffed-up noses are freed, tight bronchial congestion soothed, heavy frontal headaches disappear, you sleep through the night without coughing—wake rested and fresh.

No Drugs

Lantigen 'B' is perfectly safe for young and old. It is guaranteed not to harm the heart nor interfere with other treatments.

No Injections

Just take Lantigen 'B' like an ordinary medicine in a little water at bedtime as directed.

Economical

The recommended treatment costs less than 3d. per day. Little indeed, for the benefits Lantigen 'B' can bring to you.

THESE ARE THE GERMS WHICH CAUSE CATARRH AND SIMILAR DISORDERS



ASK YOUR CHEMIST TODAY FOR Lantigen 'B'

THE DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE

(that's taken just like an ordinary medicine for) CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, BRONCHIAL ASTHMA, SINUS and ANTRUM INFECTIONS, RECURRENT COLDS.



Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, Sydney.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 11, 1950

Brought from America
for you
**COLGATE'S
Tact**



The new
cosmetic deodorant
that says
"yes" to Romance
"no" to Offending

Tact says "no" to perspiration worry and odour! Soft as a caress... exciting... new—Tact is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth, Tact is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Tact stops underarm odour instantly, checks perspiration effectively. And Tact lasts and lasts, from bath to bath!

Tact says "no" to harming skin and clothes! So effective... yet so gentle—Colgate's lovely cosmetic deodorant, Tact, is harmless to any normal skin. Harmless, too, even to your finest, your most fragile fabrics. For Tact alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive new ingredient to make Tact safer. No other deodorant can be like Colgate's Tact!

COLGATE'S
Tact
if you
value your charm
1/6 IT'S HANDIER IN A TUBE

Dress Sense by Betty Keep

A BARE-TOP, short, bouffant dance dress, already an established autumn fashion, would be an ideal way in which to make the taffeta that the writer of the following letter has kept from last season.

To dance in

"LAST year I bought some pretty taffeta, rather stiff, with a gold spot, which I put away until this season. I want to make it into a dance frock. There are 5½ yds. in the piece. I am 19 years of age."

Stiff fabrics are good fashion for autumn. A short-cut evening dress, hem twelve inches from the floor, would look modern and youthful—see illustration for design. Note the top of the bodice, and bosom bow is finished with gold lame ribbon. Possibly 5½ yds. of taffeta may not be sufficient (it depends on your own proportions) to make the design I have chosen. This being the case, the under-drape at the back could be made in plain taffeta in a matched shade.

Hat forecast

"PLEASE tell me what millinery styles will be worn for autumn and winter."

Millinery styles for autumn have something in common with those worn for summer, because they are very small or very large. The small shapes are slightly in the majority and include caps in jersey and velvet, spiral cone-shaped toques, made in velvet and felt, and shoulder-wide bicornes.

A cloche shape is still in fashion. The autumn edition is smaller and neater than those worn last season. Then, there is what Paris calls the "angle" hat. This can be in a large or small shape, and, as its name suggests, it juts out in angles. Another new piece of millinery is the visored helmet, and there are numbers of small chic shapes, made in leopard and matched up to an accessory.

Outfits for winter

"I WANT you to plan two outfits for my winter wardrobe, and I want them both to be of a striking



TAFFETA is a good fabric for this short dance frock with its full skirt.

nature. One is a suit, in a tweed or plaid, and I want colors and ideas, please. The other is a frock and box coat or frock and short jacket, whichever you consider the smartest."

You are basing your winter wardrobe on two attractive ideas. My suggestion is to have the jacket ensemble slightly on the dressy side, and the suit casual. A striking color scheme for the ensemble would be

• Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

a brilliant poppy-red—one of Dior's favorite colors—over wintry grey. Have the dress of the ensemble high-necked and finished with short sleeves and a slim skirt. The jacket could be double-breasted and boxy, finishing just below the hipline. For the suit, I like the idea of a bold tweed, checked in yellow and black, and belted with black leather. Jacket slightly bloused, and skirt narrow in front with one kick pleat at the back.

Foundation defect?

"ALTHOUGH I am in the middle fifties, my figure is really quite good, so I am disappointed that my clothes don't look better. I have white hair and a good color. As well as black, I wear plum and wine shades, and sometimes dark green."

As you say your figure is good, perhaps your girdle is at fault. The best-made dress in the world looks all wrong if the girdle fits badly. With your coloring, I advise you to switch from the shades you listed to poppy-red or purple. Both are in fashion and both should suit your coloring perfectly.

Tea-party frock

"QUITE soon I am attending an afternoon tea-party sponsored by a big organisation, and as it is to be a formal affair I would like your advice about my frock. I am 47, and of a slim build. I have a nice piece of black crepe and some rather lovely black lace. Could you offer some suggestion?"

I suggest you have the bodice of your dress finished with a lace yoke and sleeves. Use the lace over flesh-colored chiffon for reinforcement. Have the skirt made with a soft, side-swept treatment, finished with a cascade drape effect.

"EUNICE."—A beautiful trousseau set made in floral lingerie crepe. The material is easy to launder. Colors include white, pink, blue, and can be nil printed in a small pink-and-white flower design.

Ready To Wear: Nightgown, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 63/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 65/9. Postage, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 54/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 56/3. Postage, 2/6 extra.

Ready To Wear: Waist-petticoat, sizes 24½, 26, and 28in. waist, 29/6; 30 and 32in. waist, 31/3. Postage, 1/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24½, 26, and 28in. waist, 22/3; 30 and 32in. waist, 24/3. Postage, 1/9 extra.

Ready To Wear: Petticoat-slip, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 35/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 37/3. Postage, 1/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 27/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 28/9. Postage, 1/9 extra.

Ready To Wear: Scanties, sizes 24½, 26, and 28in. waist, 21/3; 30 and 32in. waist, 23/3. Postage, 1/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24½, 26, and 28in. waist, 14/3; 30 and 32in. waist, 16/3. Postage, 1/6 extra.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to: Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 15), or by post.
Box 4100, G.P.O., Sydney. Box 4099, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 1218, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 1250, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4910, G.P.O., Perth. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 1250, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 406, G.P.O., Sydney.
(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Fashion FROCKS

N.B. Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



GLAMOROUS LIZABETH SCOTT stars in Paramount's "Paid in Full". To give her skin close-up loveliness Elizabeth takes daily active lather facials with Lux Toilet Soap. Try this pure, white soap for yourself today. Like Elizabeth Scott and 9 out of every 10 film stars you'll find that Lux Toilet Soap is the beauty cure that really works.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 11, 1930

"Columbines" are rich in glucose for quick energy!



COLUMBINES

—the richest
caramels of all!

Like your caramels to be extra rich and creamy? With that true caramel flavour you can't mistake? Then ask for "Columbines"—made by MacRobertson. Each "Columbine" is a delicious, energizing and wholesome sweet, rich in glucose, and every piece is wrapped for your protection. Made with milk, creamy butter and pure cane sugar, they give you and your family caramel at its best.

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ELEGANT and fashion-right—a coat marked out for countless occasions. Touches of velvet on the fine face-cloth give distinction to the classic silhouette. Like all Harella clothes, it's a masterpiece in tailored line.

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REGULARITY QUOTIENT

THE SECRET OF HEALTH & BEAUTY!



REGULARITY QUOTIENT (R.Q.) is the term used to describe health and energy in relation to bowel regularity.

If you follow correct rules of diet and exercise, eliminating body wastes through a natural bowel movement at approximately the same time each day... your R.Q. is high. But if you suffer from indigestion, headache, backache... any of the symptoms of constipation... Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills should raise your R.Q. They are specially prepared for this purpose.

Dr. Morse's Pills are compounded from five natural ingredients of fruits, vegetables and herbs. Their gentle 8-hour overnight action goes on while you sleep. Their special TONIC ingredients help restore a normal elimination cycle. No discomfort, even for haemorrhoid sufferers.

SAVE MONEY! Buy the new family economy size from your chemist or store to-day

DR. MORSE'S
INDIAN ROOT
PILLS

THE "Overnight laxative"

WITH THE TONIC ACTION

Simon's Wife

Continued from page 29

BY the time Evelyn came into the kitchen the following morning, Cordelia had recovered her good humor, and was, indeed, smiling at the thought of herself as the protector of Joe Cobden, who looked so very well, able to look after himself and his reputation.

But Evelyn seemed more aloof than ever. She barely acknowledged Cordelia's friendly good morning, and took the breakfast trays with no word of thanks for their careful preparation.

Later, when she returned to order the meals, she did so as remotely as if food had no connection with herself, and made no comment when Cordelia informed her that the strawberry jam had set to perfection.

When she had finished ordering she went quickly to the door, speaking over her shoulder to inform Cordelia that she and her aunt would not be in to tea, and suggesting that, as they would be out, Cordelia might take time to clean the brasses in the hall.

But they had not left the house when Cordelia took her cleaning materials to the hall shortly after four o'clock. A car was drawn up at the front steps with the driver at the wheel smoking a cigarette as if he had been waiting too long to refrain from further abstinence. From upstairs, Cordelia could hear voices raised in argument.

"And that awful old hat!" came Evelyn's shrill condemnation. "Surely you've a better one than that!"

"It's a perfectly respectable hat," replied Aunt Harriet richly, "and quite good enough for tea at Mark Green. The Colonel won't notice what I wear, and I don't care what Mrs. Withers or Dolly thinks of me."

"Her name is Dolores," snapped Evelyn.

"Quite unsuitable!" replied Aunt Harriet stoutly. "She looks like a china doll. I always have called her Dolly and I always shall."

"If you must wear that scarf, couldn't you tie it a little less obtrusively?" said Evelyn. "It's just because you're going out to tea with my friends that you don't take any trouble with your appearance. If you were going to the Arbuthnots you wouldn't wear that hat."

"It's a perfectly respectable hat," repeated Aunt Harriet stubbornly.

"Oh, you're impossible!" said Evelyn, and evidently gave up the struggle to induce her aunt to change her headgear. "For goodness' sake come along," she cried. "It's after four already, and you know how Mrs. Withers hates unpunctuality."

"I am not delaying the party," said Aunt Harriet.

Footsteps sounded on the landing above, and Cordelia fell to her polishing of the great brass bowl on the window ledge with added vigor. Down the stairs came Evelyn, so wrapped in her indignation that she did not appear to notice Cordelia's presence in the hall.

After her, with slow deliberation, followed Aunt Harriet. She was dressed in a bulky black-and-white check coat, with a purple scarf tied rakishly under one ear. On her head was a limp black straw hat trimmed with a wreath of faded mauve daisies nodding over the brim with each ponderous step of the scold.

She did not speak to Cordelia as she strutted towards the door that Evelyn held open, her foot tapping with impatience to be gone; but her left eyelid drooped in a slowly malicious wink that seemed to gather Cordelia into a ribald confidence against all the inhabitants of Mark Green.

The atmosphere of the house seemed to lighten as Evelyn left it. Cordelia herself felt like a child released from the depression of a stern governess. The small cloud that had appeared on the horizon of her mind at the thought of the strange woman, Dolores, whom

tumor spoke of as Simon's early love, vanished too, like thin smoke in a gust of clearer air.

Dolly, Aunt Harriet had called her. Simon could never have loved anyone like a china doll!

Cordelia had never been up the front stairs, and she suddenly decided to take this opportunity of going to the nursery floor at the top of the house, about which Simon had told her.

Surely there she might find something of his past that would bring him closer to herself.

But there was no trace of Simon in the big third-story room that she entered so eagerly. Indeed, only a high fender in front of the fireplace and iron bars before the windows showed the room ever to have been a nursery.

It was a sewing-room now, furnished with a wide table, a treadle sewing machine, two cupboards, and several chairs.

There was a cold, unused air about the room that struck a chill through Cordelia's whole body. She moved to the south windows, and seated herself on one of the wide ledges to try to borrow a little warmth from the sun that shone so meagrely through the unwashed panes.

The terraced gardens stretched out below her. The gravel drive with its stone balustrades was divided in the middle by a wide flight of stone steps leading down to the sunken rose garden with its overgrown pool.

With a start of surprise Cordelia saw that there was someone in the rose garden, a man... a man in a blue suit and bowler hat.

What was he doing, stretching out his arms and sidling along?

He has no right to be in the garden, she thought, rising abruptly.

THE man was still stretching and sidling when Cordelia came down to the garden, and she saw that he had a tape measure in his hands.

"What are you doing?" she asked, a little breathless with her haste.

"Sixty foot, seven inches," he muttered. "Take one end of this tape, there's a good girl."

Cordelia had on her apron. Evidently he, too, took her for a maidservant.

"What are you doing?" she repeated with greater authority.

"I am measuring this rose garden," he said quietly, "to see if it is long enough to make a swimming pool."

"I beg your pardon?" gasped Cordelia, wondering if she could have heard him aright.

"No," he said. "I beg yours, though it's none of my doing. I've been sent from London, and I left my measure in the train and all I could get at the village shop was this wretched dressmaker's delight."

"But why?" she asked. "Who on earth is thinking of making a swimming pool here?"

"There's a man..." He began and stopped abruptly.

"I rang, you know," he said. "Front and back, and as I couldn't get an answer and can't waste time standing on doorsteps, I came down here and got on with it."

"I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't hear the bell."

"You work here?" he asked, looking up at her curiously.

She nodded.

"Difficult to tell nowadays who's the maid and who's the mistress," he said. "Except the maid's usually smarter."

"You were telling me about a man?" said Cordelia.

"No, I wasn't," he retorted. "I said, 'There's a man, that's all. What's it to you anyway what's done in this rose garden?'"

"More than you think," she said.

Please turn to page 38

COMPLETE
PROTECTION

Each application of ODO-RO-NO cream gives you complete protection from underarm perspiration and odour for as long as 1 to 3 days.

ODO-RO-NO does not irritate the skin
ODO-RO-NO will not harm clothing
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Protect yourself from perspiration and odour as millions of users do, use



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FASTER

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Like a doctor's prescription, Anacin Tablets contain not one, but a combination of four medically proven active ingredients. These ingredients combine to bring faster, longer lasting relief—whilst doing away with any undesirable after-effects. Get Anacin today and notice the difference.



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STOP PAIN FASTER



"DUMPTY" JANS AND "HANDS" IN ALL WANTED SHADES—EVERYWHERE

A very young lady who rides on a horse

★ Trick and rodeo rider Violet Skuthorpe, of N.S.W., has an apt pupil in her two-year-old daughter Janie. Horses and Janie just take to one another naturally, and at the moment her faithful shadow is her Shetland pony Buttons and Bows.



TRAINING
with mummy
on a palomino,
Golden Boy.
Janie will later
join Skuthorpe
rodeo show.



JANIE has enough
confidence to show
baby brother the
"know how" of the
riding business.



BUTTONS AND BOWS takes things easy on the floor of the sitting-room, while Janie and brother Michael show what a great pal a horse can be as a playmate.



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Simon's Wife

Continued from page 36

FOR a moment the man eyed Cordelia thoughtfully, then seating himself on the brick path with his short legs stretched out in front of him looking like a Humpty-Dumpty who had lost his wall, he patted the ground beside him.

"Sit down," he said. "You're making my neck ache, way up there."

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I'd rather stand."

"On your dignity, eh?" he said. He offered her a cigarette, and when she refused took one himself. "Oh well, suits me, I've a train to catch."

She stood looking down at him for a moment, and slowly seated herself on the stone rim of the lily pond facing him.

"Please tell me," she said. "Who is this man?"

"Mentioning no names," he said, "there's a man who's thinking of buying this property. The park is to have villas on it, semi-detached, and here's hoping the jay will grow fast enough to hold the bricks together. The house here is to be a country club, with tennis, swimming, dancing, fun and games in the hayfield, and riding! Heaven help the horses!"

"Is to be!" repeated Cordelia hotly. "But the property isn't for sale. Miss Sandys-Brown told me she had withdrawn it from the agent's hands."

"Temporarily," he said. "But surely people can't get permits for such building these days," protested Cordelia.

"You'd be surprised," he said. "But you can't... he mustn't..." stammered Cordelia.

"Don't blame me," he said. "It's nothing to do with me. My firm sent me down to measure, and measure I must or lose my job; but if I had my way, I'd have none of such goings-on. I don't like to see cheapness being smarmy over the countryside any more than you do. Land's land, and there ought to be a good herd of cattle in the park, not a lot of jerry-built monstrosities."

"Is your firm Hacker and Gaunt?" asked Cordelia.

"Maybe it is and maybe it isn't," he replied. "But it won't be if I don't get on with my job."

And rising with difficulty and many groans, he bent once more over his measuring.

Cordelia looked thoughtful for a few moments before she, too, rose and, going closer to him, moved along with him.

"I was going to write to Hacker and Gaunt," she said. "And why had she not done so? Why had she put off so important a matter? It was true that Evelyn had said that the Court was no longer for sale; but it was also true that she had said, most firmly, that it would be sold eventually."

"Can you keep a secret?" she asked impulsively.

"I've been known to," he said, not ceasing to measure.

"True as death!" she said childishly.

"Truer," he assured her.

"Then listen," she said, and kneeling in front of him, she spoke of her own wish to buy the property. Going further, she told him of her original visit to the Court and of the misunderstanding that had arisen. Only of Simon and her connection with the family did she not speak.

He listened in silence, stopping his measurements, squatting there like some over-clothed Buddha.

When he spoke his voice had lost its previous intimacy; it seemed to hold her at a distance, the rightful place for a client to be, even on her knees, in an apron.

"I see, madam," he said. "And what has your husband to say about all this?"

"I'm a widow," said Cordelia, "and at present I don't want to give my name, because I don't want Miss Sandys-Brown to know that I'm not what I seem. Of course, you must

think me quite mad staying on here like this in the circumstances," she went on, "but I did want to keep an eye on things, and ensure that no one else tried to buy the property without my knowing."

"No, madam," he said, "I don't think you any madder than most in these mad times. You'd be surprised at the tricks people get up to so that they can get properties that they've set their hearts on. But how do you think that I can help you?"

"You can tell Hacker and Gaunt that you know of a client, a rich widow, who will give the price asked with no bargaining as soon as the property is for sale," she said eagerly. "And you can send me a telegram addressed to the housekeeper, as soon as you hear that it is on the market again."

"I can, can I?" he said.

"Please," she said. "Will you?"

"Maybe I will and maybe I won't, madam," he said.

"You see, I feel I can trust you," she said.

He looked at her sideways for a moment.

"Do you know why I'll help you, madam, always supposing I make up my mind to help, which I haven't said I will, mark you?"

Before she could answer him, he went on, "It's because you haven't tried to bribe me. I hope to settle in a cottage and grow cucumbers one day. I always had a feeling for the country. And I don't want any cows giving me nasty looks over the hedge, if you see what I mean. No, if you'd tried to bribe me, madam, I'd have had none of your scheming."

"And now you will," said Cordelia happily. "You are very good and kind."

AGAIN the man shot Cordelia a sideways glance. "I'm practical, too," he said. "I'd like this offer in writing, if you don't mind, madam, with a banker's reference and a signature. And the name's Harry Betts. H. E. Betts. I have to safeguard the firm, you know, whatever my instincts may tell me about a client's good faith."

"Oh, of course," said Cordelia. "I'll write, and thank you again."

"And now I must get on with this measuring," he said crossly, "or I'll miss the train and be taking a bit more exercise back to London on my flat feet."

He bent over the tape and continued his work. He had finished it and gone by the time Aunt Harriet and Evelyn returned from their tea-party, but Cordelia sought out Evelyn and told her that a man had called from Hacker and Gaunt, though she did not say for what purpose, nor did Evelyn make any comment on her information.

The days went by in a dark monotony of cleaning and cooking made no lighter by Evelyn's increasing black mood. What could be wrong with her, wondered Cordelia. Was she one of those women who took a perverse pleasure in fault-finding? Or was she ill?

She found herself reflecting Evelyn's irritability on Stubbs, who visited her daily with news of the horse, Nap. He came to her on the Sunday when she was sitting in the armchair in the sun in the kitchen garden, too weary to read the paper she had brought out with her.

"E's gettin' stronger every day," said Stubbs, his eyes bright with happiness. "We could ride 'im soon, if we 'ad a saddle."

"We haven't got a saddle," said Cordelia, determined in her present state of lassitude never to acquire one for such energetic exercise.

"We could get one," said Stubbs.

"With what?" asked Cordelia disagreeably. "Saddles cost a lot of money."



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Please turn to page 39

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 11, 1939

Interesting People



MISS ROSETTE EDMUNDS

... town and country planner

FIRST woman in N.S.W. to be made a Fellow of the Royal Australian Institute of Architects is Rosette Edmunds, B.A. and B.Arch., Sydney University. A Councillor of the Town and Country Planning Institute of Australia, she is also an Associate of the Royal British Institute of Architects. The author of two text books on architecture, she did important work on housing standards for the Ministry of Post-War Reconstruction, is now a town-planning officer with the Cumberland County Council.



DR. WALTER BOAS

... science of friction

INTERNATIONALLY - KNOWN metal physicist and crystal plasticity authority, Dr. Walter Boas, of Melbourne, is the new chief of the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation's Division of Tribophysics. Tribophysics deal with the science of friction, and has importance in discovering what causes solids such as engines and bridges to wear. In his early forties, of genial personality, Dr. Boas is a graduate of Berlin University, and before coming to Australia worked at the Royal Institute, London.



MISS BERYL LEWIS

... responsible position

RAPID promotion has marked the career of Beryl Lewis, of Perth, who, as secretary to the chief of I.L.O.'s Industrial Hygiene Section, came from Geneva to take charge of the administration and finance of the Pneumoconiosis (lung dust diseases) Conference in Sydney, the first I.L.O. conference to be held here. She is the only Australian on its executive, and was formerly attached to the Department of External Affairs at Australia House, London.

Simon's Wife

Continued from page 38

THE light went from Stubbs' eyes so rapidly that Cordelia almost looked up to see if the sun were still shining. It seemed to blaze back at her with rebuking violence, and she turned back to Stubbs.

"I don't suppose there are any old saddles in the stable," she said more gently.

"We could look," said Stubbs.

There were no saddles in the stables, nor any harness. Only a bicycle stood propped against the side of one of the stalls.

"Oh well, I don't suppose it will hurt Nap to rest a little longer," she said, trying to keep relief from her voice. "Because you know, Stubbs, he is an old horse and..."

"Don't keep tellin' me 'e's old!" Stubbs interrupted with all the fury of frustrated childhood in his voice.

"But it's true," said Cordelia gently. "Now what about coming in and having some tea with me? I made some strawberry jam and..."

"And I don't want no strawberry jam — thanks all the same," said Stubbs, and with stiff-legged dignity left the stable yard.

Poor little Stubbs, she thought as she returned to her chair, moving it under the shade of the cherry tree. Poor Stubbs!

Yet should she rather not say rich Stubbs, knowing so surely what he wanted and did not want, and going so straightly to and from his objectives? So few adults seemed to know what they wanted, nor where they were going.

No, she said to herself, looking over the summer garden, but seeing no more beauty in a passing tortoiseshell butterfly than if it were a bit of tattered paper floating on the breeze. No, I can't stay here much longer or I shall become as withered in mind as Evelyn. I'll give it one more week, and then if things are no better, I shall go.

She had no real expectation that Evelyn's manner would change towards her or life; but to her amazement the Evelyn who came to order the meals on Tuesday morning seemed quite another woman.

Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes full of color. She looked ten years younger than the Evelyn of but two hours before, and more like Simon than Cordelia would have thought possible.

"I've had a letter by this morning's post," she said, and even her voice seemed to have grown less brittle. "I'm going up to town by the eleven fifteen. You'll see that my aunt gets her lunch, won't you?"

"Certainly," said Cordelia.

"There's just a chance that I may bring someone back with me. I don't know by what train, but probably the six-forty, so give my aunt her dinner and don't wait. She likes a glass of sherry and a biscuit at six o'clock."

She went on breathlessly. "The blue room is ready, and I'm putting a hot water bottle in to air the bed, but do you think you could find time to dust the dining-room? Of course you won't be able to polish all the silver. Oh, and the library."

She sounded almost incoherent and quite unlike herself, thought Cordelia, as she agreed to do everything that she was asked and said, too, that she would arrange the menus, since Evelyn seemed to have no thoughts for food.

Thanking her with real warmth, Evelyn hurried out of the kitchen.

Having prepared a rather meagre lunch, Cordelia made the tea and took the tray into the morning-room. Evelyn had already departed to catch her train, but Aunt Harriet was not yet down. Leaving the tray on the table by the armchair, Cordelia returned to the kitchen and collecting the cleaning implements and materials went on into the dining-room and set about her work.

She was still working, polishing the last of the silver, when the clock

in the hall struck one, and she hurried to fetch Aunt Harriet's lunch.

"I'm afraid it's a little late," she said, as she carried the tray in and put it down on a gate-legged table. "I thought you'd rather have it in here, as you're alone, and I'm sorry it's so dull, but there's been quite a lot to do this morning and no time for cooking."

"That's all right," said the old lady and went on. "I want to talk to you. Bring your own lunch in here and have it with me."

"I'd love to," said Cordelia, moving towards the door, "but I'm afraid I really haven't time." And I'm not going to let Evelyn think I took advantage of her absence, she thought. "If I've forgotten anything, please ring."

"Don't work yourself to death," said Aunt Harriet, "for it isn't worth it. And I mean to have that talk, so I hope you will be more relaxed by tea-time."

After she had eaten her lunch, fetched Aunt Harriet's tray, and washed up, Cordelia took her cleaning materials once more and went to the library.

The writing desk was a fine piece of mahogany. It gave her real pleasure, tired though she was, to see the shine on the wood coming up under her circling hand.

There was a book lying on the table. A book on heraldry. It was very dusty. There was a square of dust lying on the desk when she picked up the book. The room could scarcely have been used since Simon's father sat and wrote there.

Cordelia clapped the pages of the book together to shake off the dust, and a photograph fell out, face down upon the carpet.

PICKING up the photograph, Cordelia found herself looking at a snapshot of herself taken on her honeymoon. Taken by Simon who had evidently sent it to his father. That he had not torn it up surely showed that it was indeed Evelyn and not her father who had been so bitter about the marriage.

Cordelia looked more closely at the photograph. It had been taken on the cliff. The wind was whipping the skirts about her legs, and she was holding on to her hat.

What a funny little girl I was, she thought. I would never have known it to be myself, if I didn't remember Simon taking it. She had been very thin in those days, all eyes and mouth. It was astonishing that Simon had fallen in love with her so rapidly and irrevocably.

She was still staring at the image of her stranger self, when the door behind her opened and she heard Aunt Harriet's voice.

"I thought perhaps you'd fainted," she said brusquely. "I heard you clattering and banging about in here, and then not a sound."

"I'm sorry if I disturbed you," said Cordelia, hastily slipping the photograph back inside the book and replacing it on the desk, "and you needn't worry about my fainting. I've only fainted once in my life."

"Well, I shall probably faint myself," said Aunt Harriet, "if I don't have my tea soon. It's half-past four."

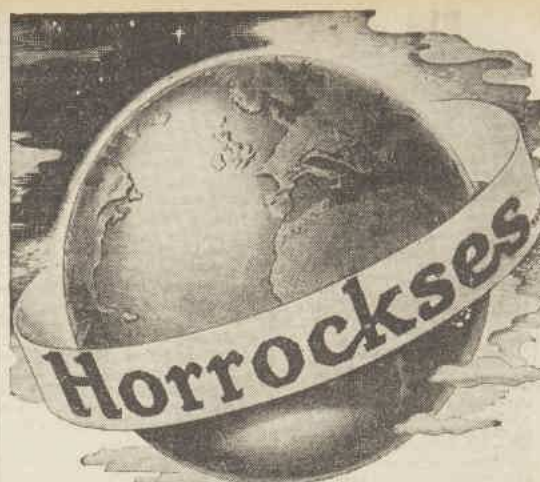
"Oh, dear, I am sorry," said Cordelia. "I'll get it at once."

"And if you won't have it with me, I shall come and drink mine in the kitchen," said Aunt Harriet firmly.

"I'll have it with you," Cordelia assured her, and hurried away.

The kettle was purring happily to itself on the stove and Cordelia made the tea, hastily cut bread, and buttered it, took the cake from a tin, and carried the tray into the morning-room.

Please turn to page 40



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As she set the tea-tray down, Cordelia said with genuine regret, "I really do apologise for being so late with your tea."

"Well, if you sit down and take that polishing look off your face, I'll forgive you," said the old lady.

"What is a polishing look?" asked Cordelia, laughing as she pulled up a chair and sat down to pour tea.

"It's a most grim expression," replied Aunt Harriet. "It wrinkles your forehead and screws up your eyes, and you've got nice eyes. I wonder if they're as trustworthy as they appear."

"Do they look trustworthy?" asked Cordelia smiling.

"Yes," said Aunt Harriet. "Two spoonfuls of sugar please."

She sipped her tea, looking at Cordelia over the rim of her cup. A little of the tea slopped over, trickling down on to the cardigan she wore, staining it as if with brown tears.

Poor old lady! thought Cordelia, she must be very hard up to wear such clothes. If I could only acknowledge her as my aunt I could dress her in silk and velvet.

"You don't like my clothes," said Aunt Harriet shrewdly. "Pass the bread and butter."

"You're a thought reader," said Cordelia. "I was thinking how handsome you would look in velvet."

The old lady chuckled and bit with relish into the bread she had taken.

"Tactful," she said. "Oh, very tactful. Why do you think I dress like this?"

"Perhaps you just can't be bothered with clothes," said Cordelia delicately.

"You're wrong," replied Aunt Harriet triumphantly. "Been saving up for my trousseau."

Poor old soul! thought Cordelia, she must be a little mental. Perhaps that was the reason for Evelyn's bitterness. Perhaps she had a chance of living a more exciting life, but had promised her father not to desert his afflicted aunt.

"No, I'm not mad," went on the old lady, once more reading her thoughts. "Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes," said Cordelia, "that's one of the few things I really can do!"

Simon's Wife Continued from page 39

And she thought of her own secret that she kept so firmly barred.

Aunt Harriet put down her plate and leant forward.

"Yes," she said. "I believe I can trust you. Well, it's this. Evelyn thinks that when the house is sold, she and I are going to live together in London; but she's wrong, we're not. I'm going to travel. All my life I've wanted to travel and see the world. I married because I wanted a honeymoon in Venice. Not that I got it... we went to Bournemouth. My husband was very British."

The last sentence held nothing derogatory in it, but her voice could not conceal the thought that came flying out from behind the simple statement. "I was cheated... I was cheated," it cried.

"I believe Bournemouth is a very pretty place," said Cordelia.

"Very pretty," agreed Aunt Harriet, "but it is not Venice, and all these spas are very healthy, but they are not Athens or Rome. We went to a spa every year. My husband took the baths. Have you ever been to Venice?"

"No," said Cordelia.

"Nor have I," said Aunt Harriet. "But I shall go. And to Paris and Madrid; but first I shall go to Egypt. I did try to book a passage to Port Said after my husband died, but Hitler ruined that for me."

"I think you were a very good wife not to travel before he died, if you wanted to go abroad so much," said Cordelia.

"Not good. Necessitous," replied Aunt Harriet. "I married at an unfortunate time, when women were supposed to be incompetent and quite incapable of managing their own financial affairs, and my money was securely tied up with my husband's. I had to ask him for every penny I spent. He was older than I was and when he wasn't sitting on boards or in baths he collected tiles."

"Tiles!" repeated Cordelia.

"Heath tiles," explained Aunt Harriet. "You'd be surprised how many kinds there are and how much they cost. He was a very keen

collector. He left his collection to the museum."

Again there was nothing disloyal in the statement of facts.

Suddenly Aunt Harriet leant forward, speaking almost in a whisper as if her husband might still have the power to hear and frustrate her desires.

"Now what I want you to do for me is to write to a travel agency about Egypt for me. Evelyn sees all my correspondence and I don't want any explanations or arguments with her until everything is settled, and if you're a good girl and do as I say, I may take you with me."

"Take me with you!" echoed Cordelia, "but..."

"You think I can't afford it," said Aunt Harriet, "but that's where you're wrong. I'm a wealthy woman now, and I can go where I like and with whom I like. I mean to see that Sphinx's smile if it kills me."

Aunt Harriet leant back with a triumphant smile, and Cordelia, a little taken aback, said, "But wouldn't you take Miss Sandys-Brown with you?"

"I would not," said Aunt Harriet. "She fusses too much, besides she wouldn't want to come, especially now that she thinks she's got Simon back."

"Simon!" Cordelia almost shouted.

"Her brother," said Aunt Harriet.

"She had two brothers?" asked Cordelia, trying to steady her voice and to smooth off the rough edges of bewilderment into fairly superficial interest.

"No, only one," said Aunt Harriet, stretching out her hand to take a piece of cake, fumbling at its uncured surface.

"Let me cut that for you," said Cordelia, and bending forward she slowly cut a slice of the sponge cake and handed the plate to the old lady, putting all her concentration into the simple action, fighting back the questions that were screaming in her mind, stilling the trembling of her body.

"It was a sad story," went on the old lady, eating the cake with keen enjoyment.

MADDENINGLY, Aunt Harriet went off at a tangent. "This is a delicious sponge," she said. "Do you enjoy cooking as much as I enjoy eating what you have cooked?"

"Yes, I like to cook," replied Cordelia. A question took past her defences and was out before she could suppress it.

"I understood that her brother... was killed," she said, and time seemed to stand still while Aunt Harriet deliberately finished her cake, took the last of her tea and, leaning back, brushed a little shower of crumbs off her chest on to the carpet.

"Oh no," she said, "that was all a mistake."

"A mistake?" whispered Cordelia.

"Yes," said Aunt Harriet. "It was his cousin who was killed. Stewart Gerald Sandys-Brown. I always said it was a mistake to give the boys the same initials. Simon's second name was George. They went to the same school and it led to endless confusion with their clothes and reports and everything; but no one listened to me."

I must keep silent and try to take this in, thought Cordelia. Of course it could not possibly be true that Simon was alive...

It did not make sense... it could not possibly be true... possibly be true... words seemed to have no meaning if they were repeated or thought often enough... could not possibly be true... no meaning... no truth.

"No, they didn't listen to me," went on Aunt Harriet. "So one of my nephews called his boy Stewart Gerald, and the other nephews called his Simon George. They were in the same regiment, too, and in all that confusion at Dunkirk it was scarcely to be wondered at that their names got mixed up again, and that Simon was posted as dead and Stewart as the prisoner of war."

"So the one you call Simon is alive," said Cordelia slowly and carefully. But of course it wasn't true! I'm dreaming this conversation, she told herself. I'm asleep. It can't be true... Simon is alive... it can't be true.

To be continued



THE bar was a long room. An arch on one side of it led into a restaurant. The ladies' room was between and served both the bar and restaurant. We knocked on the ladies' room door and the maid put her head out. She was neat, pretty, and colored. O'Malley showed her the pictures.

"We've all been talking about it," the maid said. "She was in here last night—the one that got killed. I don't know any of the others."

"She have trouble with somebody when she was in the ladies' room?" "Mercy, no. There was nobody else there. Well, there was one lady."

"What lady?" "I don't know. I never saw her before."

"What happened?" "Nothing. They didn't know each other. Only that murdered lady admired the other lady's bracelet and asked could she look at it. She said it was pretty and the other lady went out."

"What kind of bracelet?" "It was blue stones. They had stars in them."

"A cop doesn't get anywhere," O'Malley said bitterly.

I saw him next day. Miss Loring was with him. I had read in the newspaper that the police had a witness who had seen Nellis in the car with Miss Ledford after the time when he claimed he had left her. The car had been then near the edge of the park. Miss Loring was crying.

"We got here a lady," O'Malley announced to me, "who gets worried by newspapers."

"No!" Miss Loring said fervently. "Sure. Else why did you come to me? She reads in the paper that the cops got a witness who saw Nellis and Miss Ledford in the car at the park."

"So she comes here to tell me it couldn't be true. The reason it isn't true, according to her, is that Nellis says it wasn't true. You forgetting, young lady, the guy had been lying to us? He said he didn't have a fight with that dead girl. Then we proved that he had one."

"He admitted it afterwards."

"I know. He claims he couldn't admit it at first without telling that

Evidence of Guilt

Continued from page 7

Miss Ledford and he had been talking about you, and he didn't want to bring you into it. He didn't know then that you were going to tell us all about it yourself."

O'Malley patted her shoulder.

"You run along, lady," he said. "Sure we got a witness. He saw Miss Ledford and some guy in Miss Ledford's car. He isn't sure the guy was Nellis. Don't you worry. I don't think your guy did it."

"Why do you deceive her, O'Malley?" I said, when she had left on. "You know the boy did it."

"Why, I don't know who did it," O'Malley admitted. "We can't get any evidence about Morland and Miss Barry. I'll tell you something: Some of those young guys have got lady friends in Manhattan their folks wouldn't think much of. That Morland is one of 'em. He's a handsome guy. The story is some Broadway ladies he wouldn't mention at home think he's a sweet boy."

O'Malley rubbed his chin. "I'll tell you a queer thing: That dead kid Miss Ledford wouldn't never wear jewellery. Her friends had the idea the girl's mother wore so much she got to dislike it. You notice the dead kid's hands?"

I hadn't. "Her left hand was scratched. She was an athletic kid and her hand was bigger than her mother's. Mrs. Ledford has a star-sapphire bracelet. I asked her did she still have it. She says that she has."

O'Malley had made an appointment with Mrs. Ledford's lawyer. We went to his office.

"I don't understand this exactly," the lawyer informed us, "but I have been told that I am to let you look into one of Mrs. Ledford's safe-deposit boxes. It is my understanding that you're to take nothing out of it."

"That's right."

We went to the deposit vaults. The lawyer nodded to the man in charge, who returned the nod respectfully. Then Marran produced a key, an attendant brought out another key, and with the two keys he unlocked the box.

It was a big box. There was a

lot of jewellery and a lot of securities in it, and the sapphire bracelet was among them. O'Malley looked crestfallen.

"Is that all you want?" Marran inquired of us.

I was amused. "Mr. O'Malley," I told him, "had an idea the bracelet wouldn't be in the box. He's a bit disappointed."

"A cop," O'Malley said bitterly, "thinks till his head aches, but it doesn't get him anywhere."

I was at headquarters the next day. The telephone rang and it was Mrs. Ledford. She said there had been an address book among the things in her daughter's handbag with the addresses of people she wanted to communicate with, and asked whether she could have it. She said Marran would call for it.

A PROPERTY clerk had the girl's things. Marran and an assistant district attorney went with us. We examined the book. Morland's college address was in it, and Freddy's and a lot of other people's. The attorney said Marran could have it. We looked at the girl's things. A woman's yellow glove had its fingers bloodstained.

"Where's the kid's other glove?" O'Malley asked the property clerk.

"There was only that one in the car."

"They try it on the dead kid?"

"I don't believe they did."

"Yeah? Then how do they know it's hers? We'll have it tried on her. There's a cleaning mark in it and we'll have it looked up."

He gave the glove to the attorney. O'Malley and I got into a cab and I thought: we were going back to headquarters, but we drove out the West Side.

"They found out who that lady was that was wearing a bracelet," O'Malley informed me. "She's named Billy Delmar. She's been in some shows, but only in choruses, and she doesn't work very often. Some waiters and taxi guys knew her by the description. She doesn't own any sapphires."

I was thinking things over.

"Is Miss Delmar one of Morland's

lady friends that people don't know about?" I asked.

"I don't know if she is."

"Was Miss Barry wearing yellow gloves the night of the murder?"

"I don't know that either."

We stopped at an apartment that faced Central Park. The name plate said "Miss Delmar." A blond young woman opened the door for us, but she wasn't Miss Delmar. She looked like any young woman you'd ask out to lunch, but I knew she was a policewoman.

"Any phone calls?" O'Malley asked her.

"Two in the last twenty minutes. I told him Miss Delmar was out, but I expected her back. I said I was a friend of hers from the country who was spending the day with her. He said he would come here."

O'Malley and I went out and sat on a stone balcony. We couldn't be seen from the street or from inside the apartment. The doorbell rang finally and somebody came in. By the voice it was a man, but I couldn't tell who.

We waited a while, then I heard the young woman: "I simply have to buy a few things before the stores close. I'm sure it will be all right, since you know her so well, if I leave you here to wait for her."

The outer door closed behind her. We waited. I could hear the man moving in the apartment. The doorbell rang, but nobody answered it, and we ran into the apartment.

O'Malley opened the front door to let in a couple of plain-clothes policemen, and we ran on to the kitchen. A window stood open that led to a fire escape, and two more plain-clothes men were holding the lawyer, Marran. He had a packet of letters and a woman's yellow glove in his pocket.

"I don't get it, O'Malley," I declared at the station an hour or so later. I was feeling offended.

"It isn't anything tough," he told me. "That Mrs. Ledford has half the money there is, and is nut-crazy. Her lawyer, Marran, is a handsome guy."

Please turn to page 42

Fashion says
Get ruffled!



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— the beruffled, beribboned new camisoles and petticoats, with the "fairy princess" kind of pretiness you'll love.

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180 inches by ½ inches with dispenser 1/3



"Sellotape"

The clear adhesive tape that seals without water

432

Evidence of Guilt

Continued from page 41

O'MALLEY explained: "Mrs. Ledford gave Marran power of attorney over her affairs and he did what he pleased. There's close to half a million in securities gone out of her safe-deposit that he used, speculating for himself."

"I gathered as much as that."

"Yeah, Marran had a lady friend, that Miss Delmar. There was a lot of jewellery in those safe-deposit boxes and Marran couldn't resist letting Miss Delmar wear some of it sometimes."

"They were in that restaurant when Miss Ledford and Nellis dropped into the bar connected with it. Miss Ledford went to the ladies' room and saw Miss Delmar wearing her mother's bracelet."

"I realise that."

"Ever since she was a kid that Miss Ledford had been keeping her mother out of trouble. She meant to find out why a woman like Miss Delmar was wearing her bracelet. But not knowing what kind of scandal she might run into, she didn't want Nellis to be in on it."

"Besides, the guy had just told her he wanted to marry Miss Loring. When he tried to get into the car with her, she pushed him out, and when he got in anyway she drove only a little way and stopped and made him get out again. Then she went back and parked near that bar to follow Miss Delmar."

"I see," I declared.

"When Miss Delmar came out, Miss Ledford saw it was Marran that was with her. She followed 'em to Miss Delmar's apartment and waited for Marran to come out. He got in the car with her. Miss Delmar had described to him the girl that asked to look at her bracelet, and he knew what to expect. He gave her the bracelet and Miss Ledford put it on."

"Miss Ledford hadn't never liked that lawyer anyway, and now she wanted to know what other of her mother's jewellery might be missing. He wasn't worried about the jewellery. What worried him was if they looked in the safe-deposit box to find out about the jewellery, they'd find the securities were missing. The market had been against him, but now it was coming back."

O'Malley paused. "If he had time, maybe he could put the securities back and even make a profit. It isn't my idea they can prove murder premeditated. The guy was in panic, he saw ruin ahead of him, he figured nobody knew the girl had followed him. Well, he knocked the kid off."

"There was no evidence of it," I stated.

"Why, no. What was funny was that the dead kid had asked to look at a strange lady's bracelet. She didn't like jewellery."

"Did you suspect Marran?" I asked.

"No. I just wanted to see if Mrs. Ledford still had her bracelet. You

and I went with him to the safe deposit. I saw he had access to the box because the people there knew him. It occurred to me, if the bracelet had been out of the box, he was the guy that could have put it back."

"They keep a record of who goes to these boxes and Marran had been to the box the first thing on the morning after the murder."

"Uncertain reasoning," I stated.

"Sure. Cops thought I was nuts. Once we began to think about Marran, we didn't have any trouble locating his lady friend. Waiters, doormen, and taxi guys told us about her. Mrs. Ledford wouldn't believe anything against Marran, but her daughter had been killed and she agreed to go along with us."

"The address book?" I asked.

"Sure. We pinched that Miss Delmar and held her as a material witness. We took one of her yellow gloves that she had been wearing the night of the murder and put some blood on it and put it with the things from the girl's car. Mrs. Ledford asked Marran to go get the address book for her, so we could make sure he would see the glove."

"We were worrying the guy. We figured he'd know it was Miss Delmar's glove. Miss Delmar's apartment faces the park. She could have seen him get into the car with Miss Ledford. She could have been jealous and followed 'em into the park. From Marran's point of view there wasn't any other way the glove could have got into the car."

"Ingenious," I ganted.

"Yes," O'Malley agreed. "He decided he had to see Miss Delmar and find out how much she knew. Well, he couldn't see her because we had her locked up. So he went out there. He found the mate to the glove which we'd left there for him to find, and some letters he'd written to her. Then we pinched him."

"A guy like that Marran, if he worries enough, blows up and goes to pieces. He doesn't know yet the glove was a fake, and he thought we had so much on him that he confessed the whole business."

"Very clever," I said bitterly, "but I'll thank you, when you set a trap, if you'd let me in on it so I don't feel like a fool."

"Yeah? You ain't got the face for it. If you'd known about the glove, Marran most likely would have guessed it."

Miss Loring came to us. She took both O'Malley's hands. There were tears in her eyes. "I want to thank you," she said.

"Why, lady," he told her, "it's I that ought to thank you for giving me credit. To hear those cops that made the arrest tell the story, all that I done was sit on a balcony and look at the park."

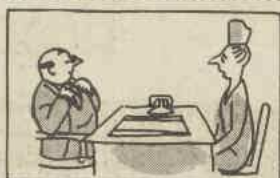
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"... so you can see I'd qualified for the position. Type seventy words a minute, shorthand one thirty a minute, fifteen years of doing just this very sort of job."



"... just graduated from business college."



"Twenty years at it. Best of references. Type eighty words a minute, expert at shorthand, had a crew of girls under me, a half-hour lunch, nine-hour day."



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Mandrake the Magician

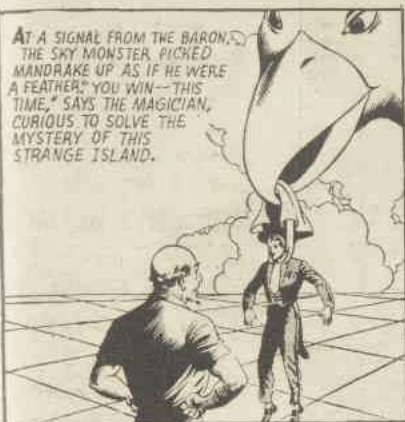


MANDRAKE: Master magician and LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, have been carried off by a huge bird. In an aeroplane PRINCESS NARDA: Sets off in pursuit. One of the huge birds fastens on the plane in mid-air. Meanwhile Mandrake and Lothar

have been dropped on a barren island, where they encounter its ruler, THE BARON: And his team of gunmen. Mandrake turns their weapons into mops. But the Baron still has his feathered henchmen. NOW READ ON:



AT A SIGNAL FROM THE BARON, THE SKY MONSTER, PICKED MANDRAKE UP AS IF HE WERE A FEATHER. YOU WIN—THIS TIME," SAYS THE MAGICIAN, CURIOUS TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THIS STRANGE ISLAND.



THE HUGE BIRD IS HOODED AND LED AWAY. "DO YOU MIND EXPLAINING WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?" ASKS MANDRAKE. "GLADLY," ANSWERS THE BARON.



"IT IS A CURIOUS STORY. A YEAR AGO I WAS CONVICTED OF TREASON AND EXILED TO THIS BARREN ISLAND," THE BARON TELLS MANDRAKE.



"EXILE ON THIS ISLAND WAS THE SAME AS A DEATH SENTENCE," CONTINUES THE BARON. "SINCE THERE WAS NEITHER FOOD NOR SHELTER—ONLY MOUNTAINS AND GLACIERS.



"SOON I BECAME RAVENOUSLY HUNGRY. JUST WHEN I HAD GIVEN UP HOPE, I FOUND A NUMBER OF IMMENSE EGGS BURIED IN THE ICE OF THE GLACIER. OBVIOUSLY, THEY WERE THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD."



"I THAWED THE HUGE, FROZEN EGGS AND ATE ONE OF THEM. TWO EONS OLD, THEY WERE WELL-PRESERVED! THEN, A CURIOUS THING HAPPENED. THE OTHER EGGS, WARMED BY THE SUN, HATCHED!"



"I WAS SURPRISED AT THEIR SIZE," THE BARON RELATES. "I COULDN'T IMAGINE WHAT KIND OF BIRDS THEY WERE? BUT EVEN A DUMB FRIEND WAS COMPANY IN MY EXILE."



"THE BIRDS GREW SO RAPIDLY THAT FEEDING THEM BECAME MY MOST SERIOUS PROBLEM. I FOUND FISH FOR THEM."



TO BE CONTINUED



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Your hair gets hungry in this climate. Hungry, dull and brittle if you don't watch out! Just a few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic every morning supplements the natural scalp oils and guards against dry scalp and lifeless "HUNGRY HAIR".

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TO HIDE SKIN BLEMISHES
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WISE WIFE AND MOTHER



SUGGESTS CORRECT ACTION AT FIRST TWINGE OF RHEUMATISM



"I WAS LIVING IN A FOOL'S PARADISE"

"As far as my health was concerned I must have been living in a Fool's Paradise. Never ever having been really sick in my life it never occurred to me that it was necessary to take precautions regarding my health. But when you start to go, you go down hill very quickly. In just a couple of weeks I lost all my feeling of fitness. I felt slow, heavy and irritable, and who wouldn't if they had rheumatic pains? But thank goodness for my wife's persistence—and thank goodness for Kruschen Salts. They certainly had me feeling my usual self in next to no time."

I'm all for being cautious about my health now. I won't miss my 'little daily dose' of Kruschen for worlds."

IT DOESN'T PAY TO RISK YOUR HEALTH



"It makes you stop and think a bit when you see your father change so quickly from the best-natured chap in the world to a crutchy old man. It certainly convinced me that it doesn't pay to take any chances with your health; that 'little daily dose' of Kruschen now goes into my tea every morning and I find it has even made me feel better than I felt before."

"I come from a family where bodily cleanliness, both inside as well as outside, has always been regarded as our best health assurance. Each of us regularly added the 'little daily dose' of Kruschen to our first morning cup of tea. When I married I tried to introduce the habit to my husband, but he always said it was better to leave 'well enough' alone. Our son, Don, was the same when he grew up. Like most healthy young people, I suppose he couldn't imagine being other than in the best of health. Recently, after a few weeks of feeling sluggish and out-of-sorts generally, my husband began to be troubled with rheumatic pains. It was at that stage that I was able to convince him that what I'd been saying all our married life about being clean inside was true. I started my husband off on the medicinal dose of Kruschen for a week, gradually reducing the dose. This completely rid him of the pains. Now he keeps the prospect of a return of the rheumatic pains at bay by taking the 'little daily dose' of Kruschen like I've always done."

"His father's experience was a shock to our son, Don—but all's well that ends well, I'm happy to say, and to-day all three of us are a family of confirmed 'Kruschen regulars'."

HOW POISONOUS WASTES AFFECT YOUR HEALTH

When poisonous wastes are retained in the system instead of being eliminated by the body's normal processes, there is a risk that these wastes may seep

into the bloodstream. This invites risk of rheumatism, lumbago, eczema, backache, aching joints and a number of painful muscular affections.

HOW KRUSCHEN CLEANSSES YOUR SYSTEM OF POISONOUS WASTES

The liver and kidneys play a major part in cleansing out the body's poisonous wastes. Kruschen's mixture of six natural salts act in a natural way on these organs. They stimulate the

liver and wash out the kidneys, enabling them to function properly. When your body is thus freed of poisonous wastes the bloodstream then becomes purified of the factors that may cause...

RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, LUMBAGO, ACHING JOINTS, SEVERE MUSCULAR PAINS

These ailments can signify that your system needs assistance to free itself of poisonous wastes. If you are a sufferer, take the medicinal dose of Kruschen till the condition is alleviated. As a result your health will improve—then maintain that standard by taking a "little daily dose" of Kruschen.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

1/6 and 2/9 at
Chemists and Stores

MAY BE TAKEN

TWO DIFFERENT WAYS

MEDICINAL DOSE:

For persons suffering from Gout, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Eczema, Constipation, Liver and Kidney Disorders, take a teaspoonful in a tumblerful of hot water each morning before breakfast.

"LITTLE DAILY DOSE":

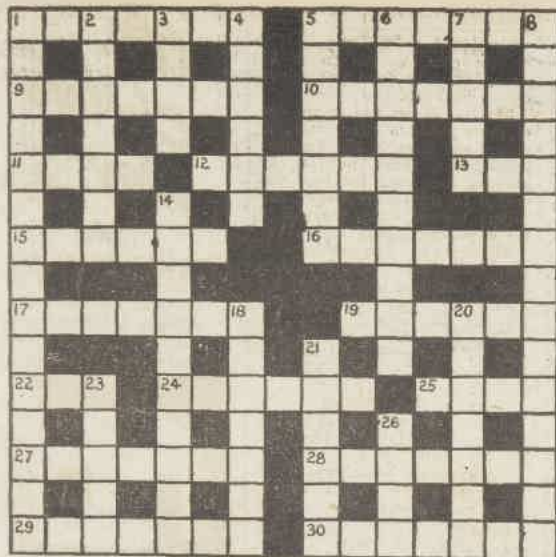
For regular daily use, as an invigorating tonic, put in your first morning cup of tea or coffee "as much as will lie on a sixpence." Taken that way, Kruschen Salts are quite tasteless.



The Tonic Effect of Kruschen Keeps Millions of People Fit!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 11, 1950



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. To do this one must be a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (4, 1, 6, 4).
2. Impenetrably hard of our common father insect (3).
3. Require (4).
4. Wood nymphs are advertisements without molature (6).
5. Shuffling as four in five (7).
6. Laid in game (anag. 10).
7. Burning bright (5).
8. See the lone loc (anag. 5, 2, 3, 5).

14. Destructive through turning in a hundred written acknowledgements of debt (15).
15. Sain of your teeth with a medieval lower back inside (7).
16. Tread underfoot an alert M.P. put in order (7).
17. Loud music not left in terror (6).
18. Plunder by starting price taker (13).
19. Clothing that can boast when turning (4).

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. You can make erudite out of real end (7).
5. Last ice in proper shape is buoyant (7).
8. Learned society is first of all a black-guard (7).
10. Spoken very confidently about a lower limb in brief time (7).
11. A bar back comes from the Middle East (4).
12. Joining is a short advertisement with the sound of a bell (8).
13. Lots of eggs if they are baby (3).
14. Man in the stable is too in a shaken loose (6).
15. Not asked in exultation (7).
16. Be a weapon for the scales (7).
17. For this drink English is Sassenach (6).
22. One of printer's measures in Germany (3).
24. A hundred assorted affected manners are good to sit on (6).
25. Ours in aspirate for a melody (7).
27. Ferrous metal alternative to sugar (4).
28. Kiss fruit for close contact (7).
29. Catalogue in typographical units goes to the army (7).
30. Staff officer's mark permits small slabs for inscription (7).

Solution to last week's crossword.



Lullaby Continued from page 9

AND Maureen sees that the whole village knows her dream—and is makin' an ugly thing of that which she thought so beautiful an' she puts her two hands to her flaming face and runs home and throws herself on her bed and weeps and weeps and tries to shut from her eyes the cruel laughs of the lads and lasses. And, by and by, comes the priest.

"Tis a sorry tale I've been hearin', Phelan," he says, "that your granddaughter is puttin' her faith in fairies and the like wickedness. Being her out," he says, "that I may put the fear of God into her and teach her the evil that lies in such thoughts."

I go into her room an' take her two hands and wipe the tears from her eyes and says I, "Come, alannah, come you now and talk to the kind father, who is a wiser man than I and will know how to deal with the troublesome matter," and she gets up and follows me like a lamb.

"Maureen, my child," says the father, "it is a morbid fancy you have, watchin' from a window for a man who doesn't exist. 'Tis the Evil One temptin' you from righteousness. Promise, my child, you will watch no more and think no more of this wicked thing."

But even as she stands before him she lifts her bowed head as if, of a sudden, she had heard a far sound, and there comes a little puzzled look in her eyes and the red lips of her open and there comes the tiniest murmur . . . and "Promise me," the good father is saying, "Promise me, my child."

And then she runs from him. "No, no. Father, I can't promise. Don't you understand?"

She is at the window and pulling the curtain aside and the sun streams in and the good father and I bend our heads, but there is nothing we can see but the road, and not a soul walks upon it from the cottage to the hilltop. Deseried it is entirely and the good father cries.

"What ails you, my child. Why look when there is naught to see?"

She doesn't answer him, but her eyes are wide and her lips parted and the bosom of her heaves in a strange and disturbin' manner, and then she says with a little catch in her voice:

"I can hear you, beloved."

My heart sinks within me, for there is nothin' to hear . . . nothin' to see, and I look at the good father

and he looks at me with sorrow in his eye, and says he with great gentleness, "Maureen, my dear, come . . . come from the window. There is no one."

"No one?" she says, and looks from him to me with a little smile of astonishment, "Can't you hear?" she asks, "can't you hear, gran'father . . . Priest, dear . . . watch the far hilltop. Watch . . . listen."

And, carried away by the eagerness of her, we bend our heads and gaze through the window again, and Father Flynn grasps me by the elbow with an iron grip and, "Look!" cries he in a strange voice, "Look!" and there, comin' over the hilltop, I see a man.

He has his bundle on his shoulder and a high peaked hat he has on his head, and he swings along in the centre of the road, steppin' out with the bold steps of youth, singin' a wild song with words that are past our understanding.

THE good father stares and I stare and Maureen stares, little one, but her hand is to her bosom, and all the love in the world shines from her eyes and streams out towards the stranger who is comin', singin', down the lonely road.

And Father Flynn shakes his head with a wild shake.

"Tis but what is called a coincidence," says he. "You were watching the hilltop, lass, and a stranger comes. And why not? Is it so far from the world we are that none tread the road but them as lives here? Open the door," says Father Flynn. "Open the door and let us bid a good-day to this man with the bold stride and the song on his lips, and learn what manner of man he is."

He is about to lift the latch, but Maureen is before him, little one, and stands facin' him, leavin' against the door.

"Beggin' your pardon, Father, no," she says. "I beg you don't lift the latch or you'll spoil the dream that was brought me. Let be, Father, let be."

And all the time the stranger is comin' closer and closer and we hear his song, clearer and clearer, until at last he has gone by the window, and now, I think, he will pass and go on and that will be the end

of it; and there is a great sorrow in my heart for Maureen, who is leanin' against the door with her cheek pressed against the bare boards.

Suddenly the song stops, and we hear no footsteps, and all that is to be heard in the room is the deep breathing of Maureen.

And then there comes three sharp raps that there is no denyin', and, as the good father and I stand wonderin', 'tis Maureen herself who lifts the latch, and we see her gazin' at the stranger, and he at her, and for a long moment they don't speak.

Then says she in a quiet voice: "You've comel' Over the hill-top and walkin' in the middle of the road with a song on your lips, you have comel'!"

And for another long moment he looks at her and his eyes are filled with a great wonder, and at last says he: "Did you dream?" and "Yes," she tells him.

"And I," says he. "'Down the middle of the road will you walk,' says the dream, and, by and by, you will come to a bit of a cottage that is hard by a lovely lake. There will be a white curtain at the window, and the song will die on your lips," said the dream, 'for there'll be something come from that cottage, through the walls and the thatch and the chimney of that cottage, that will hold you spellbound."

"It will be love streamin' out to your heart," said the dream, 'and you will knock on the door with your stick. Three times will you knock, and the latch will lift, the door will open, and she will be standin' there . . . the colleen who has been waitin' for you.'

"And it is so," the stranger goes on, and puts out his hand and, as we watch, me and the good father, she puts her hand within his and, "Come," says he, "let us walk by the lake together, for there is much that we two have to say to each other."

With that they are gone and the good father looks at me and I look at the good father, and, "Tis a strange thing we have seen, Father," says I.

"Tis stranger things we will be seeing, Phelan, for," says he, "as the English poet has written, 'There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.'"

Please turn to page 46.

"WHITES HAVE NEVER BEEN SO CLEAN — WASHING TIME REDUCED BY HOURS"

Read what Mrs. Vera Hope, Ashfield, N.S.W., writes about washing with the marvellous



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OR ON EASIEST TERMS

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Taperette complete with blades, only 5/-. Extra blades . . . 3 for 1/6.

T-42

They all admire Her Lovely Hair



(How simple
it was with
a Crest
Home Perm!)

AND THEY USED TO CALL HER "RATS-TAILS!"
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how to do it . . . NEXT MORNING . . .



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"Then you fold an end tissue over the tress of hair and slide it down to the end. Next you take a curler . . .



. . . and wind the tress round it until it's close to the scalp, and there you are!"



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A LITTLE LATER

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AT THE DANCE

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Lullaby Continued from page 45

SO, by and by, long after the sun is gone and Maureen has not come back to the cottage, I take my stick and I climb the crest which looks down upon the lake, and presently I see them standin'. Close together they are hand in hand, and over the dark waters the will o' the wisps are dancin', and I hear him say:

"Maureen, my dream girl, 'tis a wide world we live in and none should know it better than I who have travelled far, but here by this lake the world ends for me. Here, darling, we will live our lives, me and you, together."

And then he points out over the water to the dancin' will o' the wisps and, "Are you a'fraid of such things, Maureen?" he asks of her, and "No," she says, and he gives a little laugh.

"Some say," says he, "the will o' the wisps are souls of lovers who have passed on, and who should be afraid of a lover?"

"Who, indeed?" says she, and then I see they are about to turn back to the cottage, and I hurry me home and am sittin' waitin' for them to come in.

"Gran' father," says Maureen, "here is the man I am goin' to marry with."

"Indeed," says I, "and what manner of a man is it that would be marryin' with my granddaughter?"

And says he, "This is the manner of a man, grandfather. A man with love in his heart."

"Ah," says I, "but what has he in his pocket?"

"A silver two shillin'," says he, "with the picture of a queen upon it. That and no more," he tells me. "But," says he, "I have come to the end of my wanderings and here I will stay and here I will work till the end of my life—like the dream bade me."

He sits down and eats with us and, in the long, long ago, he tells me, his ancestor came from Spain with rings of gold in his ears, travelin' on the great Armada that was wrecked on the coast of Ireland.

And here he stayed and was married to a wild Irish woman who had no home, and together they roamed lakeside and mountain, and their children's children, and he has no substance to him this man who would marry Maureen.

So, wee one, he stayed . . . but the strange tale of their meetin' got about, and strange tales whispered breed stranger tales; and then came the story that he walked by the lake with her in the darkness night—hand in hand—with no fear of the will o' the wisps.

And one night the banshee wailed. Far over the waters of the black lake you could hear it, and shiverin' I was in my bed for all the good father had said there was no such thing.

On the morrow came the news that Bridget McGuire was dead—and that night you were born, mayourneen, you who lie there in your crib, motherless and fatherless, rocked by a broken old man who has lived to know how cruel the world can be.

For 'twas that same night the men of the village gathered and whispered among themselves and plotted, for their hearts were green with jealousy and they hated the stranger who had come over the hill and taken from them the loveliest girl in the village.

And while you were smuggled in your mother's arms, wee one, they watched him leave the cottage and followed him at a safe distance tryin' to muster courage to speak to him an' tell him they wanted no more of him, an' that he must pack his bundle and go forever from the village.

To the crest he walked and then down the steep bank toward the lake below, and he's gone to talk to his friends the faeries, they whispered, and hovered in the shadows

on the crest, watchin' while he stepped into a boat and took the two oars in his hands.

Then, as it was told to me, one of them picked a stone from the ground and threw it, and the stone struck your father so that he slumped over, and the boat was carried by the current further and further towards where the will o' the wisps were dancin'.

The moon hid with the shame of the deed, but presently comes peepin', and those who watched saw his body slide gently from the boat into the black water.

Never again did we see him, wee one, for 'twas as he had said—he had come to the end of his wanderings.

Age came thick upon me after he had gone, me with my own heart breakin' havin' to break hers with the fell news!

I'd watch her holdin' you in her arms, mayourneen; holdin' you as if she wasn't sure of you, and then, sometimes, the Holy Mother help her, she'd forget you and we'd find her standin' by the window, the curtain grasped in her hand, gazin' along the empty road to the hilltop.

Many the night it's been, after the poor lass had forgotten you, that I've held you in my own arms and fondled you, tryin' to give you what rightly belonged to you . . . feedin' you in my clumsy way, rockin' you to sleep, singin' little lullabys.

And, all the time, I had one eye on her, fearful for what she'd do next now that she'd forgotten all that was and all that had been and was back in the days before the stranger came singin' over the hill.

ONE night, when you were a'fin' a little and I was sore beset with tryin' to get a little comfort into you, I suddenly felt a coldness about my shoulders and, from the distant dark, came the woe' wail o' the banshee.

I shivered and made faster the door which I had already made fast.

The curtain by the window was blowing in the keen wind and the window itself was open! I rushed to where Maureen should be sleepin'—and there was no Maureen.

I had to leave you, little one—I had to rush into the night with your whimper in my ears and with a terrible fear in my heart, tryin' to muster courage to face the dark lake.

And, as I climbed the crest and looked down, the banshee wailed again and the will o' the wisps danced on the water, and on the shore below I could see her in the moonlight.

"Maureen," I called, "Maureen," and from the lake I heard the distant cry . . .

"Maureen . . . Maureen."

Echo, they'll tell you, wee one. But Maureen heard it, too, and she stepped into the dark water and I cried again, "Maureen . . . here," and again I heard the voice . . .

"Maureen—here."

But it was not an echo, wee one. It was no echo that called—but his voice. From the centre of the lake it came and, by the light of the moon, I saw her step further into the deeper, darker water; her dear arms outstretched.

Further and further she went, and, far out, a will o' the wisp, brighter than any other, swept toward her in a golden glow, and then, darlin', I could see her no more.

But where there had been but one light there were two—floatin' away together, skimmu' the dark lake, like faeries on the wing.

And I came back to you, mayourneen, and you were lyin' in your crib as you lie there now—your eyes wide—and wonderin' . . .

Tooral-tooral-tooral,
Looal-looal-loal,
Sleep me orphan baby,
Hush—a hush—a by.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 11, 1950

FUNNYMAN



JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

Comedian LARRY DAVIS disguises himself as FUNNYMAN, using trick gadgets in his reversible suit to fight crime. After a boy named CHIP WILLIS has been charged at the Children's Court with theft, Larry asks for the custody of Chip instead of his going to a reform school. Chip proves very difficult, but Larry decides to take Chip to work with him, and so keep him out of mischief.

As I Read
The
STARS
by WYNNE TURNER.



ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Conditions brighten a little from March 8 to 10, although you may still find a few things hanging fire. Bide your time--your birthday month brings you big opportunities.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): A rather stimulating three days from March 8. There will be brisk progress in friendships, love-ties, finance, and business. Don't miss any opportunities then; the rest of the week is quiet and you will be wise to adopt a policy of letting it remain so.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Concentrate now on your career. Unexpected success could come your way during March 8 and 9, when you will have the ability to exhibit unusual foresight in your business pursuits.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Put your plans into action this week. Travel, write, debate; your mind has extra wit and originality. Nearly all days are favorable, especially before the week-end; so make the most of them.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Choose late Wednesday, March 8, and Thursday, March 9, for new ventures or money plans. The rest of the week, mark time; it may seem boring, but patience will pay you in the end.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Quite a progressive week, where your interests are linked with another. Unexpected happenings or pleasant surprises are possible from March 8 to 10.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): You will have greater opportunity to put into practice some of your ideals this week. Choose March 8, 10, and 14 to take any decisive step in all matters financial, recreational, and social.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): An inclination for pleasures and social gaiety surrounds you this week. Feelings and emotions run high, with March 8 one of your brightest days.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Domestic, home, and family affairs are more likely to reach satisfactory conclusions if attended to on March 8 and 9. They are good days also for change or travel.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Go carefully on March 8; after this you have a clear road ahead. Tackle some of your immediate problems while Mercury is well aspected, and you will find the solutions come readily.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): There are good financial possibilities from March 8. Get busy on new ideas, act on hunches. You could have some quick returns before the week-end.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): This week is sure to increase your popularity, brighten your intellect, or offer some unexpected activity. Get busy from March 8.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.]

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The Australian Women's Weekly - March 11, 1950

Page 47

Still 1/- The best stories and best value! ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE

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hair extra lustrous . . . easier to set . . .
makes Home Permanents take better.

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54.02

GLAMOR IN 1/4 TON LOTS



Nice work if you can get it, you say. But these four "Miss Australia" entrants and the iron bar they're sitting on, weigh nearly 1 ton. You'd need to be as fit as Earnest Luder, "Mr. Victoria 1948" to lift them. Mr. Luder says, "Lifting four girls is easy—when you know how. I always follow a demonstration with a big cup of hot Bonox. I find Bonox sends a warm glow right through me, helps combat chills and gives me the lift I need after a tough workout." Bonox is the rich essence of good beef. It keeps your head above the 'du line. Eat and drink Bonox for a 1-i-f-t!

(80)

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ Savage Splendor

IN support of "Bride For Sale," at the Regent, in Sydney, is the absorbing technicolor travelogue, "Savage Splendor," which recounts the adventures of the Denis-Cotlow African Expedition during a 20,000-mile trek through the African continent.

Dusky belles and savage warriors are the stars of this fascinating film in which pygmy people contrast sharply with the magnificent Warriors in tribal ceremonies and village life.

Among the striking and weirdly beautiful highlights of the film are the sequences dealing with the capture of wild animals from a speeding truck, the coronation of a massive native king, and shots of hippopotamuses playing on the bed of a crystal-clear jungle pool.

An R.R.O. release.

★ Bride For Sale

IF it were not for the deft touch of the three principal players, Claudette Colbert, Robert Young, and George Brent, R.K.O.'s "Bride For Sale" would be a colorless affair.

As it is, by playing out their parts with zest and imagination, this pleasant trio lift the commonplace story into quite jolly entertainment, if you are not over critical.

The slender plot concerns a W.A.A.G. major who hires out as a civilian tax expert—object matrimony.

Her idea is that, by having access to the tax returns of wealthy clients, she can select the husband who most closely answers all her requirements.

In order to keep the services of an efficient executive, her boss prevails upon a scientific friend to pose as her ideal mate, but before long the lady has both men in a romantic dilemma which they have to battle out between them.



CLARK GABLE and his lovely, blonde wife, Sylvia, attend a gala party in Hollywood, honoring author Tennessee Williams, who wrote "The Glass Menagerie" and "A Streetcar Named Desire."

Claudette Colbert looks chic and young as ambitious Nora Shelley, and co-stars Brent and Young are as polished as ever.

Max Baer, Gus Schilling, and Charles Arnt are good as minor comedy characters.

In Sydney—the Regent.

★ Impact

CONSPIRACY and murder are behind this rather heavy melodrama released by United Artists.

The plot to do away with wealthy industrialist Brian Donlevy is concocted by his scheming wife, Helen Walker, and her lover, Tony Barrett.

There is a slip-up in which the lover is killed instead, and although newspapers are full of the news of his death the embittered husband hides under an assumed name in a small town.

A new romance with Ella Raines blossoms in the rural retreat, and under its influence the husband returns to clear his wife, only to find himself charged with the murder of the other man.

It's not exactly a secret that he is vindicated, but it takes the combined efforts of Ella Raines, Charles Coburn, as a kindly police officer, and old-timers Anna May Wong and Mae Marsh to bring it about.

In Sydney—the Esquire.

Kilts for Crosby if "Brigadoon" comes to screen

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

BING CROSBY is still likely to come to England this year to make his first British musical—dressed in kilts. Paramount and England's Arthur Rank are trying to make a deal about it.

The film should be based on successful West End musical "Brigadoon," which is full of tartans, tam-o-shanters, and catchy Scots-flavored hits. Most of the picture will be made in Scotland.

HERBERT "BART" MARSHALL is here with fourth wife Boots Mallory. Said Boots: "All Bart wants to do is see football. He is perpetually homesick in Hollywood, so we are coming back to England to live eventually."

Marshall flies to Paris this week to finish shots of a film he made in Spain with Pat Roc called "Black Jake." It is all about pirate smugglers.

CANADIAN star of British films,

Robert Beatty, proudly christened his new son last March, Robert Michael. Friends are rebelling. They call the baby "Chips" because he is a chip of the old block. Beatty has given in, so "Chips" it is—a lusty tough guy who rules the blue-and-yellow nursery in their Queen Anne cottage.

A STAR and her director had to queue to see their own film this week. Val Guest, director, and lovely newcomer Yolande Donlan, star of "Miss Pilgrim's Progress," wanted to see their film in a West End cinema to find how the public was reacting to it. Guest introduced himself to the manager and asked if they could get seats without queuing. The manager said: "Sorry, you'll have to queue like everyone else." They did, meekly.

RICHARD GREENE and Italian star Valentina Cortese have unusual dressing-rooms on the Isle of San Giorgio, off Italy, where they are filming "The Eagle and the Lamb." It seems that the location unit was hard up for space, so Richard and Valentina were allotted prison cells.

THE long-delayed film "Qoo Vadis" will be filmed about April in Rome, and will include British stars Leo Genn and Peter Ustinov.

A VICAR'S daughter has the latest starring role allotted in British films. She is Avis Scott, a twenty-seven-year-old brunette, who got the job by confronting a producer with the request for an audition, and presenting a testimonial from Noel Coward. If you are accustomed to scanning the screen with a microscope you may remember her as the waitress in "Brief Encounter," and the suffragette in "Fame is the Spur."

BANG go little Jean Simmons' dreams of rest. Apart from roles coming up in Somerset Maugham's "Trio," and in "Clouded Yellow," opposite Trevor Howard, her studio now announces that David Farrar and James Donald are to be her co-stars in "Sacrifice." For David Farrar it is another villainous role to follow up his wickedness in "Gone to Earth," which he has just finished filming with Jennifer Jones.

THREE last announced to support Gregory Peck in his first British role as famous Captain Hornblower, of naval fiction, are Robert Beatty, Terence Morgan, who starred as Laertes in "Hamlet," and bearded, booming James Robertson Justice, who will come from fighting Scottish elections to fighting on the high seas.

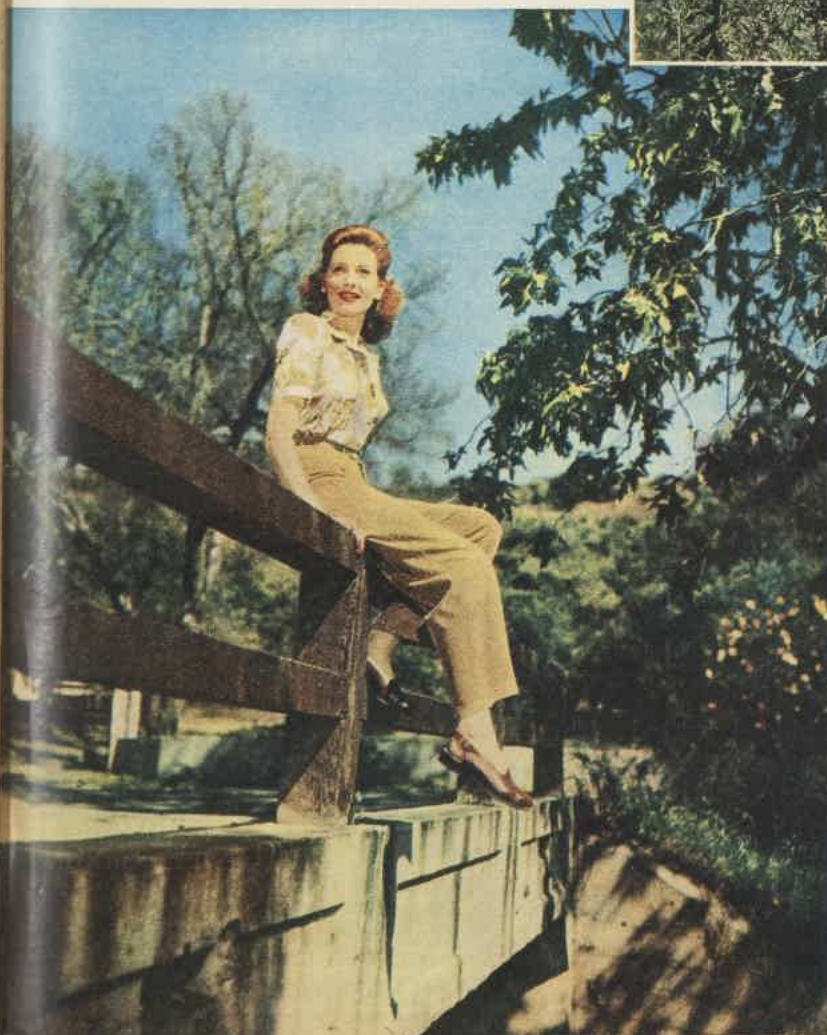


TELEPHONING. Jean Simmons (Rank), above, in a relaxed moment between shots of "So Long At the Fair," a story tied up with the great Paris Exhibition of 1889.

Busy screen stars appear in casual settings



FISHERWOMAN. Joan Leslie (Eagle-Lion), right, in jeans and a checked shirt, during location on "North-west Stampede," in which she co-stars with James Craig.



RAIL-SITTING. Deborah Kerr (M.G.M.), left, prefers a uniform of slacks, shirt, and sneakers for leisure moments. Tells wonderful tales about African location work on "King Solomon's Mines."



BATHING. Virginia Mayo (Warners) models her favorite scarlet swimsuit, above. In "Colorado Territory" she plays a half-caste girl, and her blonde beauty is hidden with dark make-up.

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prettier, in a few days



You can make your skin look really lovely with this widely-used home beauty treatment! A smooth, soft, well-cared-for skin can be yours in a few days. This is the kind of skin care you could spend pounds on at exclusive beauty salons, but so easy now to do yourself in your own home.



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Just smooth this life-giving beauty-cream lightly over your face and neck, every night at bed-time; it takes only a minute or so. Skin Deep Facial is so nice to use, because it disappears into the skin quickly and doesn't leave a greasy layer on the surface. And so refreshing! All the tiredness and tautness leave your skin at once.

Regular nightly facials bring about quite exciting improvements in your skin, within a few days! All signs of roughness, coarseness or patchiness soften away; poor colour and lack of tone in the skin quickly improve. Skin faults are rarely due to age, but to wind and weather, and often to tiredness and nervous strain. Every woman over twenty needs this regular

beauty care to keep her skin in its naturally beautiful condition.

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1 CONFERENCE between General Savage (Gregory Peck) and Colonel Davenport (Gary Merrill) on altitude bombing convinces Savage his friend's nerves are at breaking point.



2 REPORT made to General Pritchard (Millard Mitchell) after heavy plane losses at St. Nazaire culminates in Davenport being relieved of his command for medical attention and rest.



3 INTERROGATION discloses raid losses are due to navigation error. Lead Navigator Zimmerman (Lee MacGregor), who is loyal but of German descent, believes he is responsible, later shoots himself.



4 COMMANDING 918th Group now, General Savage uses iron discipline, though sympathetic to men. He follows orders blindly, disregarding human frailties.

TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH



THIS 20th Century-Fox war drama develops round a group of American fliers who are based outside the village of Archbury, in England, in the fateful autumn of 1942.

Because the men have come to regard themselves as a "hard-luck group," and the command feels that if this unit dissolves the same feeling may spread to other bomber groups—a possibility which must be forestalled at all cost—leadership is shifted to a fiery, dynamic man who restores morale in a tough way.

Human values are important in the final evaluation. The iron man begins to follow the same pattern of behaviour as his predecessors—becoming too sympathetic with his men. He, in turn, is relieved of the command, but finds solace in the thought that others will carry on his work.



5 INITIAL demotion of Col. Gately (Hugh Marlowe) and naming his plane "Leper Colony," because it is manned by Group misfits, is unpopular.



7 PRIDE in Group's achievements causes fliers to withdraw transfer requests, saves Savage from official reprimand when long delay occurs. Men see Commander in new perspective after success of Wilhelmshaven raid.



8 STRAIN eventually causes Savage to collapse, and though he opposes grounding order he realises job is well done when most of the raiders return.

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for INDIGESTION



CANDID SHOT of Roberto Rossellini (wearing dark glasses), Ingrid Bergman, and members of the company, as they stop at a fisherman's store in the village to make a purchase.

STORY OF "STROMBOLI"

Audience sees parallels between film plot and reality

By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

As the background for one of the most highly publicised romances of contemporary times, the island of Stromboli—a place which meant only a volcano to millions of people a few months ago—is now permanently linked with the names of actress Ingrid Bergman and Italian director Roberto Rossellini.

The movie star has caused such a commotion by stubbornly defying the world and its taboos in her private life that many have forgotten there is still the film "Stromboli," which the two made on the little island.

AS it happens, people in the United States are seeing the English version, almost simultaneously with the Italians seeing their own version. Roland Cross has just completed a new and final edition of this English film, and it will be called, as originally planned, "Stromboli."

The film had been returned to the cutting-room at R.K.O. studios in Hollywood after a "sneak" preview at the Towne Theatre, in Long Beach, 20 miles outside Hollywood.

Six hundred movie fans, who had come to see a cowboy picture, were told to stay over and see a second film free of charge.

To studio executives who spent the next 87 minutes watching the audience rather than the picture it became obvious, even without reading the cards usually filled out by a sneak-preview audience, that the picture called for changes.

There was too much Italian dialogue, too many lines badly spoken by Mario Vitale, the 21-year-old Salerno fisherman whom Rossellini chose to co-star with Ingrid Bergman at 75 dollars (£25) a week. Vitale was obviously a poor actor.

Ingrid Bergman gave a fine performance, but did she look alluring enough for such a story? What worried them most was whether there was anything in the story to remind moviegoers of Bergman's real-life romance.

The trouble was, whatever they did, people who wanted to could find

quite a few interesting parallels in the film, which begins with the foreword: "The striking drama of a woman's fight for her own salvation, 'Stromboli' offers Ingrid Bergman the most remarkable and memorable role of her brilliant career. The picture, filmed in Italy and most of it on the island of Stromboli itself, carries an impact of sheer realism that will make it the most discussed picture of 1950."

There are four people mentioned by name who comprise the cast of "Stromboli." They are Ingrid Bergman, who plays Karen Bjorsen; Mario Vitale, who plays Antonio; Renzo Cesana, who plays the priest; and Mario Spona is Spona.

The story begins among the hundreds in a women's camp near Rome. Karen Bjorsen, an aloof and mysterious figure, has little to do with the other inmates.

Her only friend is Antonio, a Sicilian fisherman, until recently a prisoner-of-war, held in the men's camp awaiting repatriation.

Antonio is in love with Karen, but she has ignored his ardent proposals of marriage until her application for a passport to Argentina is turned down. Then, chiefly to escape the dreary confines of the camp, she accepts, and they are married in the camp chapel.

But, when Antonio proudly brings his bride to his cheerless rock house on the desolate, volcanic island of Stromboli, Karen's heart sinks.

The poverty of the little village and its people and the hostility of the island women towards the strange



SCENE FROM "STROMBOLI." Lonely Karen, scheming to get away from the island, tries to win the affection of young fisherman Sponsa.



ANTONIO hears about Karen's furtive romance with Sponsa. He gives her a beating, but soon forgives her and they are reconciled when it is agreed that she will stay.

Bergman's controversial film . . .

newcomer rouse her disgust and indignation. She quarrels with Antonio and threatens to leave, but he reminds her that she is his wife and that she must stay.

After a talk with the village priest, Karen tries to make the best of things. She decorates the house, but this only makes her neighbors more suspicious of her.

An attempt to inveigle the priest into giving her money fails and in resentment against her plight she begins a furtive romance with another young fisherman, Sponsa.

Antonio learns of this from the neighbors and gives Karen a beating, but soon forgives her. The tuna fishing season begins, and Antonio makes a good haul.

Karen tells him she is going to have a baby, and he is overjoyed, but then Stromboli's volcano bursts into a spectacular eruption. They race with the villagers to the boats and pull out to sea until the rain of lava, rocks, and cinders is over.

Frightened by the outburst, Karen tells Antonio that she refuses to have her child on this horrible island. They quarrel again, and Antonio locks her in the house when he goes off to fish, but Sponsa lets her out.

In a stirring romantic scene in an isolated grotto, Karen captivates the susceptible Sponsa and persuades him to give her money to get away. They plan to meet on the mainland.

Carrying her scanty belongings, Karen starts up the volcano to reach the village on the other side of the island, where she hopes to get a passage to the Italian coast. Sulphur fumes and the steep, treacherous cinder slope fatigue her, but she finally reaches the top and collapses in sobbing exhaustion as night falls.

Next morning Karen awakens with a changed heart. Her despair and bitterness have gone, and in their place is a realisation of her responsibility to her unborn child. Slowly she starts back to her home and her husband, for there, she knows now, is where her duty lies.

The question uppermost in the minds of most people both inside and outside the film industry is, "How will the world receive the movie 'Stromboli'?" The query has yet to be answered.



KAREN meets the village women and attempts vainly to make friends. They don't understand her, nor do they want to try, and their antagonism makes them spy on the unhappy newcomer to the island.



MISERABLE AND FRIGHTENED, Karen spends her first night on Stromboli. Antonio had painted the picture of an island paradise. Instead she found a desolate waste.

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Lines that ray out from the eyes . . .

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 11, 1950

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More than 100 years world reputation

Beauty that lasts

● Give a girl or a woman a straight spine with a well-set head upon it, and she may not only qualify as a well-dressed person, but also as one who will hold her youthfulness beyond the average span.

A HEAD held high keeps under-chin bulges and doublings at bay, prevents deep creasing of the neck when the head is turned sideways, and detracts from a heavy look over the shoulders that is one sign of maturity.

Since we stopped crawling each of us, at one time or another, has been told that correct posture is the foundation of a lovely figure, but experts claim that 95 out of every 100 women have bad posture. Here are some of the posture traps we can fall into if we do not hold our heads up:

● A chronic stoop flattens the chest, so the lungs are cramped. Breathing is shallow and insufficient air is taken in. Consequently, the body doesn't get enough oxygen, and oxygen is needed to enrich the blood. Good blood is needed for a healthy complexion, for strong muscles, to ward off infection, and to extract nourishment from food.

● Incorrect stance also affects the diaphragm, so that it grows flabby and skimps the work it has to do.

The most common causes of bad posture are carelessness and laziness, although occasionally ill-fitting garments produce similar ones.

Fortunately it is possible to break posture habits, though it takes time. Here are suggestions:

● Stand up straight against a wall, head, shoulders, and hips touching it. Heels should be away from the wall. Relax shoulders and arms by pulling them down, though not taking them away from the surface. Now walk away, holding the position. Swing the arms naturally and easily.

● When sitting, place both feet squarely on the floor. Hips should be back far enough on the chair to balance the weight of the body. Keep the back straight. And watch the height of your chair. If it's too low you're cramped in the middle, and if too high, your feet will dangle.

● Another time to plan for posture is during sleeping hours. Don't prop yourself up on pillows so that the spine is hooped. Lie as near to straight as possible. Head level with feet is perfection.

Supposing, knowing all this, you still can't seem to get rid of the groove that often appears between the collar-bone and the top of the bustline. Or stooped shoulders defeat the most serious exercising.

To help remedy the stoop the use of a posture-pad is recommended. There is quite a simple way in which to make one of old newspapers.

Use large, double sheets of newspaper, and fold them doubled several times so that the finished stack measures about 16 inches by 6 inches wide.

Make sure that in stacking all edges are even, and pile them up to a height of one and a half inches.

Unless secured in some way the papers will slip, so bind firmly with adhesive tape about two inches from each end, and once round the middle.

To use the pad correctly, lie on



SILHOUETTE of a classic figure. A proud head above a swanlike throat has symbolised feminine beauty since slave days.

the back, knees bent and feet flat on the floor at the most comfortable angle. Place the posture-pad wrapped in a thin towel under the shoulders, and loosely clasp the fingers under the head.

That's all there is to it, but try it for only two minutes the first day, increasing to five minutes, and then to ten in about fourteen days.

Each time before use, make sure that the pad is in the proper position with relation to your shoulders.

Here's how to make the check. When you think the pad is directly under your shoulders, place the left hand under the head.

Now place your right-hand fingers to your left shoulder at the point where it joins the neck. The top of the pad should be exactly even with that point.

Check on the position of the right side of the pad in the same way using the left hand.

Those deep creases that form on the sides of the neck when the head turns are more easily taken care of. In the first place they are there because you aren't holding your chin parallel to the floor.

Prove the truth of this statement for yourself by standing in profile in front of a mirror. Turn the head and look at yourself as you would in the ordinary way.

Creases? Probably several in a row, and quite deep ones.

Try it again, lifting the chin to a reasonable parallel with the floor. Now they're gone.

Ten Glowing Tips for Lasting Beauty

NEVER A
CHIP
CRACK
STREAK
OR
SMEAR



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NEW PERSIL

3 WONDERFUL WAYS BETTER!

- FOR WHITEST WHITES
- FOR BRIGHTEST COLOURED
- FOR THE EASIEST WASH-UP OF ALL!





Made in the MORNING

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

IT is good housekeeping strategy to make at least one dish for dinner during the morning hours, leaving less preparation to be done at the end of the day when energy begins to ebb.

A cold main dish which does not spoil with keeping, or a pudding to be served cold, broth to be reheated just before serving, or some of the ingredients for salad main dishes or appetisers may be prepared in the morning, provided, of course, that an ice chest, cool safe, or refrigerator is available for storage.

Garnishes and the final assembling of salads are last-minute jobs admittedly, but with a little thought and care the dinner-hour rush can be lessened

with beneficial results for all concerned.

Remember all spoon measurements in recipes refer to level spoons.

CHILLED CARAMEL CUSTARD

One and a half pints milk, 1 good tablespoon golden syrup, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cake crumbs or breadcrumbs, whipped sweetened cream or substitute, bananas, and strawberries to decorate.

Heat milk to lukewarm, stir in golden syrup, beaten eggs, sugar, cake crumbs. Turn into greased ovenware dish, stand in dish of warm water. Bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F. gas, 400 deg. F. electric) 40 to 45 minutes until set. Allow to become quite cold, or chill in ice chest or refrigerator. Serve topped with cream, sliced bananas, and strawberries. To prevent banana discoloring, dip in lemon juice after slicing. Cherries may be used in place of strawberries.

LAMBS' TONGUES IN ASPIC

Six or seven cooked and skinned lambs' tongues (add a thin slice of onion or 1 or 2 cloves to cooking water), 1 cup tongue stock, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water or vegetable stock, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 3 dessertspoons gelatine, white of 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vegemite, 2 hard-boiled eggs, cooked carrot slices, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked peas, lettuce, curled radishes, tomato wedges, parsley sprigs.

Stir gelatine into heated tongue stock, add water or vegetable stock, lemon juice, and whipped egg-white. Bring slowly to boiling point, whipping lightly all the time. Strain through muslin or several thicknesses of cheese-cloth. Stir in vegemite, allow to cool. Pour very thin layer of aspic jelly into base of wetted mould, allow to set. Arrange pattern of sliced egg and carrot and peas. Add a little more jelly, allow to set. Slice cooked tongues, arrange in mould. Cover with jelly, chill until set. Chop balance of egg, combine with remaining peas and aspic. Fill into mould, chill. Unmould on to bed of lettuce on serving platter, garnish with curled radishes, tomato wedges, and parsley.

APPLE AND NUT SALAD

Two or three red-skinned apples, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sliced radishes, 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups diced celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup coarsely chopped walnuts (or any mixed nuts), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, mayonnaise, lemon juice, shallots, celery curls, lettuce.

Wash and dry apples, core carefully but do not peel. Cut into dice. Mix with mayonnaise and

lemon juice immediately, then add radishes, celery, walnuts, parsley, salt and pepper. Toss lightly to mix well. Pile into lettuce cups, top with a dab of mayonnaise, sprinkle with a few chopped nuts. Arrange on serving platter with shallots and celery curls. If desired, platter may be garnished as illustrated with a tomato rose; sections are separated with cucumber slices, and tomato rose is topped with a ball of cream cheese.

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PINEAPPLE APPETISER SALAD

(Make on individual plates and serve before a hot main course, or arrange on one large platter and serve with sliced cold meat.)

Pineapple slices, baby lettuce leaves, cream cheese balls, grated orange rind, finely chopped preserved ginger and gherkin, mint leaves, strawberries.

Roll cream cheese balls in grated orange rind mixed with ginger and gherkin. Arrange on small serving plate with pineapple slices and lettuce leaves. Garnish with fresh mint, gherkin, and strawberries.

APRICOTS PRINCESSE

About 16 apricot halves, 1 cup orange juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, 1 cup hot water, sugar or honey to taste, 2 egg-whites, 2 tablespoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water.

Arrange apricots in bottom of wetted mould. Soften gelatine in

cold water, then dissolve in hot water. Add orange and lemon juice, and sweeten to taste. Allow to cool and when beginning to thicken fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour on to apricots in mould, chill until set. Unmould and serve with finger biscuits.

SPICED BANANA JUNKET

Four bananas, squeeze of lemon juice, 1 pint fresh milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, pinch nutmeg.

Slice bananas into 4 individual serving dishes. Sprinkle with lemon juice, cinnamon, and nutmeg. Warm milk to blood heat with sugar, add junket tablet crushed and dissolved in 1 dessertspoon water. Pour over bananas in the 4 dishes. Set in warm place.



CHOCOLATE CREAM COOKIES FOR AFTERNOON TEA!



Here's the ideal recipe for that afternoon tea party—prepared with Bournville Cocoa, the cocoa with the real chocolate flavour made by Cadbury's. And remember that a little Bournville goes a longer way.

Delicious, and easy to make!

6 oz. flour	3 oz. Margarine or butter	Pinch of mixed spice
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful baking powder	1 egg	1 lb. castor sugar
1 oz. Bournville cocoa	Chocolate butter cream filling	Milk if required

METHOD

Beat egg. Beat butter and sugar to cream. Sieve flour, spice, baking powder, cocoa together and add to creamed fat and sugar, alternately with the egg. Mix all to stiff paste; very little milk may be added. Work until smooth, roll out thinly. Cut into small rounds or fingers, place on slightly greased baking sheet. Bake in slow oven for approx. 20 mins. When cold, join into pairs with chocolate butter cream filling.

Chocolate Butter Cream Filling: Beat 2oz. butter, 1 oz. castor sugar to a cream, mix in sufficient Bournville Cocoa to colour and flavour. Beat thoroughly.

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BOURNVILLE COCOA

The cocoa with the real chocolate flavour.

MORE and MORE MOTHERS choose this laxative for their children and themselves



GENTLE, EFFECTIVE, SAFE, RELIABLE

BANANA CARAMEL PARFAIT, which wins this week's main prize of £5, is a delicious and easily made frozen dessert. Mashed bananas, brown sugar, and chopped walnuts combine to give an unusual and luscious flavor to the sweet. Banana slices used to decorate the edge of the parfait glasses are well coated with lemon juice to prevent discoloration.



Cash prizes for readers' home-tested recipes

A RICHLY flavored frozen sweet, suitable for special occasions, a good cake for everyday family use, and a piquant tomato and apple chutney win cash prizes for readers in our weekly recipe contest.

Recipes of all types are welcomed each week; join the ever-growing list of prizewinners. Send us your favorite recipes now!

All spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

BANANA CARAMEL PARFAIT

One cup mashed ripe bananas, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup firmly packed brown sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup milk, 2 egg-whites, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cream or substitute, 2 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup coarsely chopped nuts, extra banana slices and cherries to decorate.

Mix bananas and lemon juice. Add sugar, salt, and milk, stirring until well mixed. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, cream (whipped until thickened, but not stiff), beaten egg-yolks, and vanilla. Turn into refrigerator trays, stir every 30 minutes until mixture begins to hold its shape. Stir in nuts, then freeze without stirring until firm. Spoon into parfait glasses, decorate with sliced bananas and cherries.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. J. Every, 796 North Rd., Ormond SE15, Vic.

MARMALADE LAYER CAKE

Half cup margarine or butter, scant $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, grated rind 1 small orange, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped walnuts, 1-3rd cup marmalade, 2 cups

self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup milk.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and orange rind. Add 1 whole egg and 1 egg-white (reserving yolk for filling), and mix well. Add nuts and marmalade. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Turn into two well-greased sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. Turn carefully on to cake-cooler; when cold, sandwich with orange filling and dust top with sifted icing-sugar.

Orange Filling: Mix 2 tablespoons plain flour with 1 tablespoon corn-flour. Blend with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange juice; add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind. Stir until boiling. Cool slightly, add 1 beaten egg-yolk (saved from cake), and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Cook 2 minutes longer without boiling. Cool before using.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Lawrence, 14 Fairfax Terrace, New Mile End, S.A.

TOMATO AND APPLE CHUTNEY

One pound apples, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. raisins, 1 dozen ripe tomatoes, 2 red peppers, 6 small onions, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped mint leaves, 1oz. mustard, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup salt, 2 cups brown sugar, 1 quart vinegar (boiled and cooled).

Peel and chop tomatoes. Put peeled, cored apples, raisins, seeded peppers, and peeled onions through mincer. Place all ingredients in enamel-lined preserving-pan, bring to boiling-point. Cook slowly until thick. Fill into sterilised jars, seal and label.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Catt, 195 Willarong Rd., Caringbah, N.S.W.



A SMOOTH ORANGE and lemon flavored filling is used to sandwich the marmalade layer cake illustrated above. The recipe wins a consolation prize of £1 in this week's contest.

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The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet

"Who's refurnishing where?" roared Grandpa



"IT'S A CONSPIRACY," growled Grandpa. "To think that my own granddaughter would tip me out of my favourite chair... and as for you young man..." Grandpa gave the salesman a none-too-gentle dig in the ribs with his cane. "You're too young to know what comfort means!"



"YOU'RE LIVING IN THE PAST," I told Grandpa. "Today, comfort means 'DUNLOPILLO'." Just feel what 'DUNLOPILLO' has done for this lounge chair. It makes your old-timer feel like a form in a railway waiting room." Grandpa was impressed.



"YOU CAN'T WEAR IT OUT," the salesman told Grandpa. "Millions of tiny interconnected air cells guarantee cool comfort year after year after year. And it retains its original shape for ever... no lumps, no sagging... just wonderful comfort."



GRANDPA SANK INTO THE CHAIR. "Not bad eh! Like sitting on air." The salesman told Grandpa how the air cells in 'DUNLOPILLO' not only gave comfort, but kept the cushioning free from dust and germs. That sold Grandpa. He's always grumbling about his hay fever.



GRANDPA'S PROUD OF HIS 'DUNLOPILLO'. "I'm helping Joan refurnish with 'DUNLOPILLO' throughout the house," he boasts. "'DUNLOPILLO' will save hours of housework. No need to turn mattresses, and cushions spring right back into shape." Grandpa's certainly abreast of modern ideas.

PROVE

these facts about "DUNLOPILLO" cushioning

- You can't wear it out. "DUNLOPILLO" lasts a lifetime.
- It breathes. Millions of tiny air bubbles ventilate "DUNLOPILLO"—keep it cool, fresh-smelling, clean.
- "DUNLOPILLO" will not sweat—even on the hottest nights. That's why "DUNLOPILLO" is used on so many hospital beds.
- Saves housework—"DUNLOPILLO" keeps its shape for ever.
- "DUNLOPILLO" gives you heavenly comfort—at down to earth prices.

Here is a typical example of how smart a lounge Suite cushioned with 'DUNLOPILLO' can look. Your local retailer will willingly give you advice on the uses of 'DUNLOPILLO' in lounge furniture.

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Bracing, sparkling Andrews is pleasant to taste and wonderful for health. First: Andrews refreshes the mouth. Next: Andrews settles the stomach and corrects digestive upsets. Then: Andrews tones up the liver. Finally: Andrews gently clears the system of trouble-making impurities. Try a sparkling glass tomorrow!

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You'll feel pretty happy about Acme's rubber rollers too. They're made from the finest resilient rubber, and they're solid right through to the spindle. That's why they wear better, last longer. Acme make them themselves and always have!

In fact Acme have been making wringers since long before you were born. They've been at it for seventy years! So with each Acme made goes all the accumulated skill, knowledge, invention, research and improvement that only years of experience can give. This is what gives you real results - Acme results! And 4 million Acmes sold already speak for that fact.

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ACME
with the
'pressure
indicator'

SPACE-SAVING FEATURE
of dining-room is the re-
cessed wall, to accommodate
sideboard.

Georgian reproduction

By EVE GYE

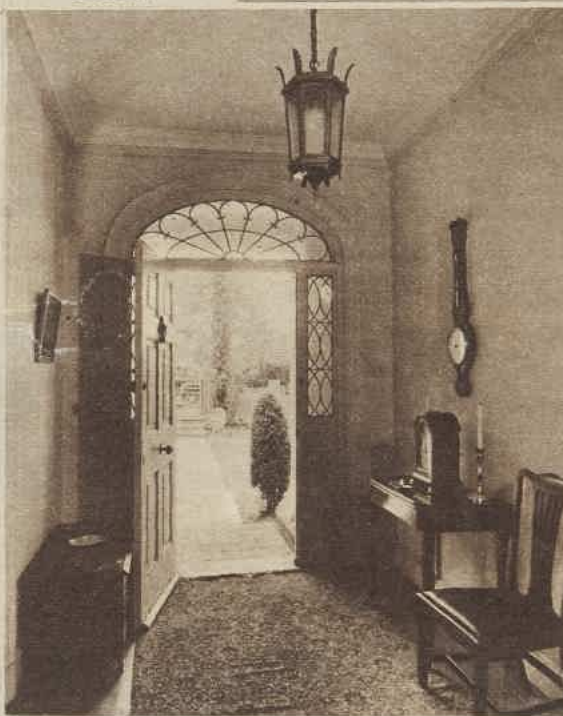
ILLUSTRATED on these pages is the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Orwin, Telegraph Road, Pymble, N.S.W.

Mr. Orwin, who is an architect, says that he has made his home a true reproduction of the Georgian period.

The front garden is formal in keeping with the design of the house, but the rear garden with young trees laden with oranges and lemons and well-stocked vegetable plots appealed to me - as it would to all homemakers.

From the aesthetic angle, the Orwins' collection of exquisite old china and Sheffield plate, plus the Sheraton and Hepplewhite furniture set against the plain cream walls, is a feast for the eyes.

A wall recess in the dining-room houses the sideboard - a space-saving feature worth noting by prospective home builders.



ENTRANCE HALL. Looking through attractive front door to street.

MOTHERCRAFT EXHIBITION

A NOVEL exhibition demonstrating latest developments in mothercraft in Britain was held in London recently. Thousands of parents attended the exhibition to listen to lectures, see demonstrations by prominent scientists, and films, and to look over gadgets evolved in homes and by firms for greater comfort and safety in the nursery and kitchen.

An arrangement made of telescopic duralumin tubes, which could be converted into a mobile playpen, a cot, a fire-guard, a beach dressing-shelter, a paddle pool, was the work of one ingenious father.

Knowing how soap can sting young eyes, another father displayed a transparent eye-shield edged with sponge rubber for protection during hair-washing operations.

A mother originated a special children's toothpaste made in three



THREE-SIDED diamond mesh frame with the top flanged to protect children from scalds if they grab at kettles or saucepans was shown at London exhibition.

flavors - strawberry, banana, and peppermint cream.

For the fretful tooth-growing period in infancy there is a new product, a jelly, which soothes pain, strengthens gums, and has a flavor babies love.

Also demonstrated: A lotion for creating natural-looking curls on the toddler or the junior miss, and a napkin designed to 'stay put' on the most restless infant.

The Australian Women's Weekly 1950 Knitting Book for adults and ...

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 11, 1950



FRONT VIEW of Mr. and Mrs. James Orwin's Georgian home in Telegraph Rd., Pymble, N.S.W. House is painted cream, with red tile roof and green venetian shutters.

BELOW: Glimpse of house from the rear garden showing verandah with a series of arches partly screened by pencil pines.



SECTION of drawing-room. Fireplace is Adam design; mirror above is Georgian 1800. Recesses hold exquisite china.



Kitchen garden

BBROAD beans can be sown towards the end of this month in coastal and inland districts, or now farther south.

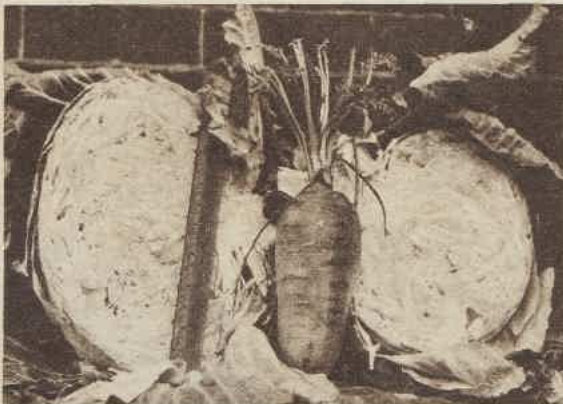
The soil should be well supplied with organic matter. Sow the seeds 6 to 8 in. apart in rows 2½ to 3 ft. apart. French beans should be sown only in the warm northern parts of N.S.W. and Southern Queensland.

Root crops such as beetroots, carrots, parsnips, swedes, and table turnips can also be sown now. Soil that was heavily manured for beans or summer cabbage will suit these crops admirably, for it has decayed well and will hold the moisture. Dig the soil over well and break up clods, if heavy. Rake fine, let firm well before sowing, and cover seed lightly.

Carrots should be thinned out early to 3 or 4 in. apart. Parsnips need more room.

Beetroot seeds are multiple, that is, four or five plants come from each seed-cluster. They invariably need transplanting from the seedbed. They should be given at least 8 in. of space in the rows. This also applies to turnips and swedes, which grow rather big and need more elbow space than their smaller cousins. With a little more than ordinary care, turnips can be transplanted, but do not break the tap-roots.

Onions such as Early Barletta and Early Grano, Odorless, and a few others can be sown now. Sow in rows and transplant when as big as



CARROTS and cabbage are two good winter standby vegetables.

a slender bridge pencil. Firm well round the roots and leave the small bulbs on the surface and bull-necked onions will not result. The soil for this crop should be good.

Cabbage and broccoli can still be sown, also kohlrabi, a close relation, which has swollen stems and tasty, edible foliage as well. Leeks are very tasty vegetables when well grown. Seed can be sown now.

Lettuces such as Imperial D and Imperial 615 will provide many tasty salads during winter if sown now and either thinned out in about a month or transplanted to soil that contains ample old manure and compost.

Peas, silver beet, winter spinach, celery, and cauliflower can be sown in coastal districts.—Our Home Gardener.

Baby's Layette

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

SUITABLE clothes are necessary for baby's well-being.

Cut baby's clothes first on the large size, and make adjustments by using tucks, inverted tucks, or smocking, which can be let out as the child grows. Tight bands and tapes that can pull and drag and cause discomfort must be avoided, or baby may become restless and fretful.

Simple patterns for a 12-piece layette have been designed, and can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Price 3/6, post free.



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British Chief



THE SMART COTTON FABRIC THAT SERVES WITH THE COLOURS

Page 61

... children. Now on sale at newsagents and booksellers. 64 pages, price 1/6.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 11, 1950

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 292—HOUSE FROCK
 292 Buttoned down the front, with full skirt and tie waistband, this house frock is cut out ready to sew. The material is a summer breeze in red and black, green and yellow, grey and red, cyclamen and blue, or blue and mauve, on white grounds.
 Price: 32-34in. bust, 27/9; 36-38in. bust, 29/3. Regd. postage 2/- extra.

No. 293—DUCHESS SET
 Traced ready to embroider in stem-stitch and satin-stitch, this duchesse set is available in heavy cream Irish linen and sheer pastel linen in blue, white, lemon, pink, and green; also in fine British cotton in shades of pink, blue, lemon, and green. The centre mat measures 11in. x 17in., and the small mats 8in. x 8in. (Lace edging not supplied.)
 Price: Linen, 6/11; cotton, 4/6. Postage 6½d. extra.

No. 294—SUPPER SET
 A pretty cutwork waterlily design supper set traced ready to embroider on heavy cream Irish linen; also on sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, white, and green. Cloth measures 36in. x 36in., serviette 11in. x 11in., tea-cosy 13in. x 10in., d'oyley 8in. x 8in., sandwich d'oyley 5in. x 11in.
 Price: Cloth, 14/11; Regd. postage 1/3 extra; serviettes 1/3 each, postage 3½d. extra; tea-cosy 4/6, postage 5½d. extra; d'oyleys 1/-, postage 3½d. extra; sandwich d'oyley 1/-, postage, 3½d. extra.

No. 295—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESSING-GOWN
 Cut out ready to sew, this little girl's dressing-gown has frills on collar and at the waist, and buttons to the hemline. The material is a dainty British cotton with a small blue, lemon, pink, and green floral design on white grounds. Sizes: Length 33in., 4 yrs., 12/3; Regd. postage 1/3 extra. Length 37in., 6 yrs., 13/11; Regd. postage 1/6 extra. Length 41in., 8 yrs., 14/9; Regd. postage 1/6 extra.

● When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 292, 293, 294, and 295, please make a second colour choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted.

Fashion PATTERNS



F5912.—Draped skirt and soft bodice-top for an autumn afternoon dress. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5913.—Child's cosy dressing-gown. Sizes, 29, 33, 37, and 41in. lengths for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/8.

F5914.—Three-piece lingerie set with pretty lace trim. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material for nightgown, 2½yds. 36in. material for slip, 1yd. 36in. material for scanties, plus 18yds. of lace edging. Price complete, 3/6.

F5915.—Smart bolero suit. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price, 2/4.

F5916.—One-piece styled for matrons. Sizes, 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

● TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 35.



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